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THE EMANCIPATOR OF LABOR AND THE HONEST WORKING-PEOPLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"THE EMANCIPATOR OF LABOR."

MR. NAST'S cartoon on our front page sets one phase of the labor question in a very clear light, and will serve to warn reflecting working-men against some of the dangers upon which misguiding leaders may precipitate them. Already their eyes are opened to the fallacy of the doctrines put forth by the so-called "Committee of Safety," and at a recent meeting of the Iron-moulders' Union in this city, these resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we feel it to be our duty most unequivocally to express our hearty condemnation of the means those theorists would employ for the advancement of the working community.

Resolved, That there is an identity of interests between the employers and employed, which if judiciously made use of will undoubtedly produce results alike beneficial to both; therefore be it further

Resolved, That we call on our sister unions of all trades and callings to come forward, and by their words and actions show that we are not in collusion with those so-called emancipators of the human race, who prove by their words and actions that they do not know the means to be employed to avert the progress of the evils they complain of, and the bitter fruits of which they have evidently never tasted.

Still more significant of the feeling of sensible laboring-men are the following resolutions adopted recently by the "Working-men's Union of the City of New York," a body composed of two delegates from every trade organization in the city:

Whereas, The action of certain visionary, impracticable, and dangerous demagogues, known to us as Communists, atheists, and financial strikers, in claiming to represent the honest working-people, demand from us a condemnation of their course.

Resolved, That this organization deem the conduct of such men as BANKS, BLAIR, ELLIOTT, and others of the Commune and so-called Committee of Safety dangerous to society and to the best interests of the working-people.

Resolved, That any project controlled by such persons presents no claim to the sympathy of the people, and can not obtain the support of that class of the community to whom we are indebted for our subsistence.

Resolved, That the conduct of such persons destroys the confidence of capitalists in the honesty of working-people, and prolongs the distress under which they labor.

These resolutions are believed to express the general sentiment of the laboring classes in New York. Communism is a foreign product, which can hardly be made to flourish on American soil.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

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THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.

THE nomination of Mr. WAITE, who is described as a gentleman of the highest character and professional distinction in his State, was received with general satisfaction, which, however, would hardly have been the case had he been named when the vacancy occurred. But because the President made two mistakes in nominating a Chief Justice, the Detroit *Post* thinks it strange that we should suppose it to be easy to name the proper person. The requirements for the position, however, are very evident, and the number of persons who satisfy them are always very few and well known. Spotless personal character and universal public confidence and respect, the highest professional distinction and general reputation for ability, should always characterize the candidate, and to these may be added, as something to be assumed, known sympathy with the political principles of the Administration. At the present time this consideration is especially important, because the Administration is bound to take care that no fundamental question which has been settled by the war should by any chance be reopened in the highest court. If these simple and obvious qualifications be conceded, it must also be admitted that there are never many persons who possess them all. There are, indeed, many accomplished and eminent lawyers who are also men of the purest character, but they are not known to the country. Every State counts such men among its most honored citizens, but there can be, in the nature of the case, not many *most* eminent lawyers who are also nationally known.

Whatever might have been said in favor of Mr. WILLIAMS, and however false the personal charges against him may have been, nothing was plainer than that he did not combine the necessary requirements for the position, as it was equally plain that some others did. Indeed, it seemed impossible not to be aware of that fact. If the President's reflection in the long interval between the death of Mr. CHASE and the nomination of Mr. WILLIAMS had not suggested to him what kind of person should be nominated, the universal protest against the candidate he named certainly showed him what the country expected and demanded. His next step should have been most carefully taken. But with apparent thoughtlessness, although undoubtedly with a sincere desire to gratify public expectation, he suddenly nominated Mr. CUSHING, at the moment that the country with remarkable unanimity was praising him for the Spanish mission, and the sudden revulsion of public feeling was equally remarkable. Mr. CUSHING'S very extraordinary accomplishments were conceded. His long and various legal and political experience was known. His great ability and the ready command of his affluent resources were not denied. It had never been alleged that he was, in the usual sense, personally dishonest. Those who knew him privately agreed in their testimony to the simplicity of his life, and the singular charm of his conversation, embracing the whole range of history and literature, and full of quaint and rare knowledge and speculation. Yet after a public life of half a century, distinguished by brilliant and able and efficient service in many spheres of duty, when he was nominated, at the age of seventy-four, to the highest office in his profession, for which he was universally allowed to be in all technical respects amply qualified, the great mass of his fellow-citizens instinctively felt that he ought not to occupy it.

This was not because he had changed his political opinions and had passed from the Whigs to Mr. TYLER and the Democrats, and had been rewarded with the Commissionership to China. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS left the Federal party for the National Republicans, and was immediately made minister to Russia by Mr. MADISON, and he was as severely denounced as Mr. CUSHING was when he left the Whigs. A man may honestly change his political views, as we see all around us at this very time in the case of some of the most prominent public men. But it was undeniable that Mr. CUSHING'S career had destroyed moral respect for a man who had so many other and incontestable claims to public admiration and confidence. Nothing is plainer than that no man should be Chief Justice of the United States who does not command the moral respect of the country. That his private life is pure, that his professional learning and standing are unsurpassed, that his general acquirements are prodigious, that his experience and tact and fascination are undeniable, are not enough, if there be not public confidence in the man. For that is the result of all his gifts and his whole career. The country can not be argued into it. It exists, or it does not. It is the eternal vindication of political honesty, and the noblest incentive in public life. It should be very easy to know this, yet the knowledge would have prevented the nomination of the President's second candidate.

The alleged cause of his withdrawal was wholly inadequate. The ROANE letter might have been written in March, 1861, by many men who were eminent in the war, and who are now perfectly "sound." The letter to JEFFERSON DAVIS in March would, in the case of most men, have been condoned by that to Governor ANDREW in April. Why was it not? The reason that it was not was the reason that should have prevented the nomination, and that reason was evident whether the ROANE letter had been found or not found, and whether it had been written or not written. We regard these circumstances of the nomination to the Chief Justiceship as among the most serious events of General GRANT'S Administration. In both the cases of Mr. WILLIAMS and Mr. CUSHING the nomination was made not only without consultation with the candidates, but without proper knowledge or inquiry, and it is evident, therefore, without a due sense of the great character and importance of the office. We are told that the President was "badly advised." But is the President a king? "Badly advised" is a phrase invented to fix responsibility upon others than the appointing power, but in this instance the President is responsible. This excuse is urged by Republicans. But is the party helped by alleging that Republican leaders advised the President to make nominations which were so universally condemned that he was compelled to withdraw them? What are the prospects of a party whose leaders give such advice, and whose President takes it? The gravity of the situation was that the President, with the best intentions, seemed to be the only man who did not comprehend the obvious and indispensable requirements for the Chief Justiceship of the United States.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

IN his remarks replying to Senator SCHURZ'S speech upon the financial question, Senator MORTON said, "I prefer to take the actual results and the actual condition of the country, and let theory go to the dogs." Demanding an increase of the currency, he exclaimed, "Are we to be whistled down the wind and answered by theories from JOHN STUART MILL or from BASTIAT?" When Mr. SCHURZ had read an extract from BONAMY PRICE, Senator FERRY, of Michigan, said, "I am not disposed to controvert it any more than to put experience against theory." Gentlemen who take this tone, and who do not attempt to conceal their contempt for what they call theory, do not see that they condemn themselves. Senators MORTON and FERRY have made speeches in favor of inflation. And what were those speeches? Simply the theories of the two Senators. What is the difference in this respect between them and MILL and BASTIAT and PRICE? None whatever. We read Mr. MILL'S theory in one book and Mr. MORTON'S in another. There is a certain financial condition in the country. Mr. FERRY'S observation of it leads him to one theory as to its cause and character, Mr. SCHURZ'S observation of the same phenomena leads him to another. Nothing would be more comic than that they should accuse each other of theorizing, and not taking a practical view.

Senator MORTON sneered at "the books." "My friend," he said, "can bring from the books, as he has brought, authority that we ought to have absolute free trade......But after he has stated all these commonplaces of the books, these platitudes of finance, has given us the metaphysics of finance, there is no vitality in them." If the Senator means to deny that there is a science of political economy, or laws of the currency, or principles of finance, and that the whole subject is guess-work or dogmatic assertion of what a man calls his experience or the experience of practical men, which usually means a very prejudiced and limited observation, with very imperfect powers of analysis and deduction, his remarks are intelligible, otherwise they are not well considered. As we have already said, we quote this sneer of his from a book, called the *Congressional Record*. And what is any book but the record of observation and thought?

Probably Senator MORTON has heard many a farmer in Indiana laugh at book-farming, and declare with an air of superior wisdom that he farms by experience, and not by book. And on his way home the farmer will chat with a neighbor, hanging over the fence, about the care of stock, and methods of planting and tillage, wondering that men can be such fools as to be book-farmers. But if the wise farmer were only a little wiser, he would know that the book which he despises is only his neighbor talking to a thousand farmers instead of one; and if he himself had the wit to know it, the books that he contemns would correct and modify and explain all his neighbor's experience. Book-farming is farming with all the aid of knowledge and experience. Book-financiering is treating the questions that most interest us in this country at this moment with the assistance of the most sagacious observation and thought. Jealousy and contempt of the recorded knowledge and wisdom of great men and of other countries will hardly increase our own knowledge and wisdom.

Senator MORTON'S theory of the situation is that the volume of the currency should be inflated a little; Senator FERRY'S, that it should be inflated indefinitely; yet the drift of Mr. MORTON'S remarks is toward Mr. FERRY'S conclusion. This country has never flourished, he thinks, as under an irredeemable currency. And not this country only, but Austria, Russia, Germany, and Italy have made greater progress under the same conditions than ever before. It was not the irredeemable currency, he says, that produced the panic, nor did it aggravate or prolong it. Moreover, the country was never properly on a specie-paying basis, and speculation and panics were as rife under the old system as now. He would have relief in the form of a little inflation; and of course he would have a little more inflation whenever the greater need of the country demands, and as it demands. This is merely a parachute to what Senator HOWE very truly described as Mr. FERRY'S balloon. Thus far, then, Senators MORTON, BOGY, FERRY, and LOGAN have declared for inflation, and Senators MORRILL, SUMNER, SHERMAN, FRELINGHUYSEN, FENTON, BUCKINGHAM, SCHURZ, BAYARD, and HOWE against it. The votes in the House upon Mr. KELLEY'S and Mr. WILSON'S motions show a probable majority for expansion. Of all the theories of the situation it is the most perilous; and Senator MORTON and his associates, with their contempt of theories, may be surprised to know that there is a very weighty public opinion which regards them as impracticable and dangerous visionaries, who despise experience, and follow their own fine-spun fancies.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE Senate Committee on Elections have been considering a constitutional amendment changing the method of electing the President. It abolishes the electoral system, and provides substantially that the people of each State shall vote in their Congressional districts, and that the majority of votes in each district shall determine its one vote for President. The State, also, shall have two votes at large, to be determined by a majority of all the votes in the State. The candidate who has the highest number of all the State votes in the country shall be President. This provision gives the election directly to the people, yet preserves the State independence; and it also allows the President to be chosen by a plurality vote. The plan, however, does not remove the objection to the present system arising from the State basis; for a very small majority in every district of New York, for instance, would overcome a very large majority in every district of Ohio, and the President might still be elected without a real popular majority.

The question whether the President should not be elected by the aggregate popular majority or plurality is, however, well worthy discussion by the press, and we have no doubt that the committee would be very glad to know the public feeling upon the subject. The reason for not adopting this plan at first is evident. It would have been regarded as absolute consolidation, and no constitution with such a provision would have been approved. But has not the feeling of the country changed, and has not time developed a condition that could not have been foreseen? The wisdom of a wide division and local distribution of political power in our system is acknowledged. Village rights and town rights and county rights and State rights are dear to every good citizen, and his election district is his Thermopylæ. But has not experience under the Constitution shown us that State independence is sufficiently secured by the equal Senatorial representation, and does not need assertion in the election of President, especially in a manner which may defeat the plain national will?—a power which, as we know it, was unknown to the framers of the Constitution.

And again, since State independence is secured, is not every voter in a Presidential election much more interested in the success of his party than in the assertion of his State importance? There is no more fixed political habit of the American voter than acquiescence in the will of the majority. But nothing is less agreeable to him than the ascendency of a proved and conceded minority. And if any thing would lead him to resist the result of an election, it would be the knowledge that it was decided by an artificial and unreal against an actual majority. There is a theory, of which ANDREW JOHNSON was fond of reminding us when he vetoed some especially good law, that the President is the representative in the government of all the people. States and districts of States are represented in Congress, but the collective nation in the White House. It was striking, and the view perhaps solaced some Johnsonian sympathizer who did not reflect that the President who said it filled by constitutional succession the seat of a President who was first elected by a popular minority. Yet as the legislative constantly encroaches, according to the nature of that branch, upon the executive department of the government, it might be very wise to strengthen the executive dignity by making the President in fact the chosen of the majority.

It may be said that it is well to accustom ourselves, in the case of our highest elective office, to the wholesome truth that the majority does not always govern, so that we may correct the tendency to make the mere number of votes decisive of the real merits of every question. This, however, is a moral benefit which should be borne in mind, but which may be bought at a too great political cost. When a well-considered principle of minority or proportional represen-

tation is introduced, we shall advocate its application to the vote for President. But so long as the Governor of a State is elected by the majority, it is not evident, under our system of parties, and while State independence is fully secured, why the President should not be elected in the same manner. Is it undesirable that the whole people should be directly represented in one of the branches of the government? If it be urged that the President so elected would be tempted to withstand Congress, the reply is that the original jealousy of this disposition has filled the Constitution with safeguards against it, while the disposition itself has never appeared except in the folly of ANDREW JOHNSON; and this kind of danger is neither so palpable nor so menacing as that of disinclination to acquiesce in a minority choice. Every President is elected by a party, and it is to that party he must look in any *coup d'état* that he might undertake. The case would be the same were the actual party majority to elect him; and if he is not to be feared now, with his party behind him, he would not be then. No possible parallel can be drawn from the LOUIS NAPOLEON empire and the *plebiscite*, because not only was the will of the Emperor the French constitution, but the political character, habits, and condition of the people were so different from ours as to make all comparison futile.

THE FIFTH ARTICLE.

EXPERIENCE has shown that the present New York Constitution of 1846 tends to divide and destroy practical official responsibility by making all administrative offices elective. The theory of Mr. HOFFMAN and the other leaders of that Convention was that the principle of popular government, or, as they preferred to call it, democracy, requires that every officer be elected directly by the people, and that the sovereignty of the people is denied or endangered whenever this is not the case. This theory is now advanced in the discussions in the Legislature upon the proposed amendments to the Constitution. These amendments were prepared upon careful deliberation by a Commission of thirty-two gentlemen, four from each of the eight judicial districts, and equally divided between the Republican and Democratic parties. They were gentlemen of ability and experience, well known to their parties and to the State, who worked diligently, and submitted, with brief and pointed reports, the results of their labors. It is the change proposed in the fifth article which has excited opposition upon the ground that we have mentioned. The article provides that the Governor, with the consent of the Senate, shall appoint the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, and the State Engineer and Surveyor, that the Comptroller shall be elected at the same time with the Governor, and that the Treasurer shall be chosen by the Legislature. It also provides for the appointment by the Governor and Senate of one Superintendent of State-prisons, to hold for five years, in place of the Inspectors, and of a Superintendent of Public Works, to hold for the same term as that of the nominating Governor, removable only for cause, and the cause to be reported to the Legislature. This officer is to take the place of the Canal Commissioners and of the Canal Board.

The committee of the Commission on this article was composed of LUCIUS ROBINSON, E. W. LEAVENWORTH, JOHN J. ARMSTRONG, and JONAS M. PRESTON, and in reporting it they said that the present mode of election entirely separates the State officers from the Governor, and often in political sentiment. They propose that he shall be responsible for their appointment, and able to rely upon them as advisers. The people in turn will hold him responsible for their conduct, and the government of the State will thus have an efficient and accountable executive head. The Canal Committee, SHERMAN S. ROGERS, VAN R. RICHMOND, ODLE CLOSE, and G. C. BURDETT, report that the present system of canal management is most defective; that the canals are a unit, and should be managed as efficiently as a great private corporation, where concentration of responsibility produces careful action. As Senator BRADLEY, a Democrat and a member of the Commission, said in his place in the Senate, the amendments are not partisan in themselves or in their intention, and should not be made so; and he stated frankly and forcibly why he should vote for them. The general argument is familiar to all who reflect upon such questions. It is that the system proposed concentrates responsibility, and enables the people to secure better government by holding certain chief officers strictly accountable.

The popular and the demagogic reply is that it removes power farther from the people. On the contrary, it brings it nearer. For what kind of power is meant? The power of efficiently controlling the government. And this is more certainly secured by holding a few chiefs responsible, whom every body can know and see, and who are directly tested by the general efficiency and economy of administration. To confuse accountability by multiplying elective officers so that one officer excuses himself by another, while in the want of direct responsibility every kind of abuse and extravagance and corruption thrives, is so far to deprive the people of the efficient control of their own government. It not only removes the power of correcting abuses, but it paralyzes it. The question is not one of the rightful sovereignty of the people, but of its most effective exercise. Under the present system certain officers are elected for certain terms. But they can generally be removed only by a slow and doubtful process. There is no doubt that the people of New York would control the State-prisons more directly through one Superintendent appointed by the Governor, and removable by him for cause, and after due hearing, than by the present system of elected Inspectors, independent of the Governor.

That the proposed change would elevate the character of subordinate executive officers is evident. It would enhance the dignity and value of the Chief Executive, who would be moved by very different considerations in the selection of a Superintendent of Public Works, for instance, than those which sway a nominating convention. In the convention nobody is responsible but the vague power known as the party. But the Governor could hide behind nobody, and the consciousness that his own good name and future career were involved would make him, as Governor, very skeptical of considerations which, as an irresponsible delegate, would be conclusive with him. The proposed amendment of the fifth article should be warmly supported by the people of the State, because it gives them a firmer, surer, and more effective control of their own government.

SAM ADAMS AND MISS ABBY H. SMITH.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP and Mr. JOSIAH QUINCY, two of the most eminent citizens of Boston, eloquently extolled at the Centennial meeting in Faneuil Hall the men of a hundred years ago who threw the tea overboard, and led the American Revolution to the cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." They justly praised SAM ADAMS, and we all cry Amen. We invite the attention of the distinguished gentlemen to SAM ADAMS *redivivus*—SAM ADAMS in the person of Miss ABBY H. SMITH, of Glastenbury, Connecticut. Miss SMITH and her sister own a farm in that town. They are honest, industrious, useful citizens, but they have been oppressed exactly as SAM ADAMS was. King GEORGE and his ministers and his redcoats have also re-appeared in Glastenbury in the form of the town-meeting and the town-constable. Miss SMITH, like SAM ADAMS, has protested. She has appeared before the town-meeting, and stated that the owners of part of the property in the town tax the owners of the other part without consulting them, and enforce their will. It is not denied, she said, that she and her sister manage their property as well as their neighbors so far as the laws permit. Is it more just or right, she asks, to take a woman's property without her consent than a man's without his consent? Taxation without representation is tyranny, exclaims Miss SMITH. SAM ADAMS says Amen. What do the eloquent Mr. WINTHROP and Mr. QUINCY say?

King GEORGE is as contemptuous at Glastenbury as he used to be at Windsor and at St. James's. On the 1st of January he sent General GAGE, in the form of the collector, to sell Miss SMITH's property to pay the taxes which had been laid upon it without any voice having been allowed to her. She asked that he would begin by selling the part of the farm that was farthest from the house. General GAGE replied that he must first take personal property, according to law. He therefore took seven of the eight Alderney cows belonging to Miss SMITH and her sister. They pleaded hard for a respite until they could petition to be allowed to own their land as the men owned theirs. Nor was a delay unprecedented, for the town had waited for its taxes from a factory company for several years. There was no risk in waiting, but the collector would not listen. "There are $2000 due the town for taxes," said Miss SMITH, "from voters, who are released by paying twelve per cent. interest. Give us the same indulgence." But the collector answered by taking seven Alderney cows, and on the eighth day afterward the best four of them were sold below their value to pay the tax and expenses. Miss SMITH ends her letter, in which these facts are stated, by saying, "As the town now manages our property, we must soon be forced to the poor-house, and none are better acquainted with its inmates."

This story has excited much attention in New England. The Boston *Advertiser* reminds the authorities of Glastenbury that their conduct will be carefully watched. The Providence *Journal* advises every paper that comments upon the subject to send a marked copy to the officers of the town. And the Springfield *Republican* says that such a protest is worth a great many conventions and documents. The common reply will be, Let the foolish women pay their taxes, and then they can milk their cows in peace. Dr. SAM JOHNSON said the same thing to SAM ADAMS, in a little pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*. But SAM ADAMS was not converted, and Mr. WINTHROP and Mr. QUINCY and all the rest of us applaud them for resisting the collector, and undertaking a long and doubtful and wasting war rather than submit to pay taxes upon their property which they had had no voice in levying. But if SAM ADAMS and GEORGE WASHINGTON would not submit to this kind of taxation a hundred years ago, why should Miss ABBY SMITH and her sister submit now? If it was tyranny then, is it less tyranny now? If the Misses SMITH are competent to own property in fee, and to manage it at their pleasure, can they be logically considered incompetent to express an opinion upon the taxes which may be laid upon it? Does taxation without representation cease to be tyranny, and become justice, when the taxed property-owner is a woman? This is the question to which a good-natured laugh at Miss ANTHONY does not seem to be an entirely satisfactory answer.

TAX EXEMPTION.

THE interest arising from the question of leasing the Old South Church in Boston for a post-office is likely to lead to some valuable results. Mr. JOSIAH PHILLIPS QUINCY has just published a short and crisp pamphlet called *Tax Exemption no Excuse for Spoliation*, in which he maintains that no existing religious, educational, or benevolent corporation shall be allowed, in selling exempted property, to appropriate its increased value for secular or non-charitable purposes, unless it has paid the principal and interest of all remitted taxes. This would reasonably protect the public, and injure no existing right. Of course the taxes which are remitted to a religious society are paid by the rest of the community. The consideration is that the exempted property is devoted to religious uses, which are presumptively public benefits. But meanwhile the value of the property increases. If it be a church building, the land becomes very valuable. Still it is not taxed, because of the presumed public advantage of religious instruction. But when the church lot, worth six or eight thousand dollars a century ago, has become worth one or two hundred thousand, and the society propose to sell for that sum the property upon which at a value of six thousand the tax was remitted, and the property is no longer to be devoted to religious uses, what should the community do?

Mr. QUINCY thinks the answer is very evident, and we agree with him. The tax was remitted because the property was to be used in perpetuity for a certain purpose, and the pecuniary benefits of that remission can not be diverted under any pretense to another purpose. The community has granted to the society the original value of the land for a specific use. If the society wish to enjoy an increased value for another use, let it pay the back tax bills. This plain and admirable principle Mr. QUINCY applies to the Old South Church. When, after the disastrous fire of 1872, the government decided that the church was the only temporary place for the Post-office, it was granted, and our author thinks properly, upon the ground of public necessity. But why, then, was there so vehement and indignant a protest? Because the further design of the society was evident, which was to sell the property for secular purposes at its present value of perhaps half a million of dollars. In other words, as Mr. QUINCY says, the Legislature is asked to lay a tax of some half million of dollars upon the people for the benefit of an ecclesiastical corporation from whose religious views an immense majority of them dissent. The taxes that have been remitted are a generous equivalent for the original value of the lot given to the society by Mrs. NORTON. If the lot is now to be diverted to business purposes, let the community, which in the form of remitted taxes has fully paid for it, receive the benefit. We trust that the good sense of this plea will persuade the Legislature of Massachusetts to refuse leave for the sale except upon the obviously fair conditions mentioned by Mr. QUINCY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE leading event of the week in Congress was the appointment of the Hon. Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, as Chief Justice. He was nominated January 19, and confirmed by a unanimous vote two days afterward.—An important bill relating to transportation was introduced into the House, January 20, by Mr. Crary, from the Committee on Railroads and Canals. It provides for the regulation of passenger and freight charges on railroads, through a commission of nine members, to be appointed by the President with the Senate's approval, to hold office for two, four, and six years, with a compensation of $4000 and traveling expenses. The bill was recommitted. In the Senate, January 22, a bill was proposed by Mr. Morton for the appointment of five commissioners for a similar purpose.—Various financial measures were discussed in both Houses. Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, introduced a resolution, which he sought to have passed under suspension of the rules, providing for an increase of the currency, instead of additional taxation, to relieve the stringency of the money market, and meet the business wants of the country. The motion was defeated by the failure to get a two-thirds vote. There were 135 for and 98 against the measure.—The House, January 19, on motion of Mr. Butler, adopted a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire whether further legislation is necessary to prevent the illegal use of our flag on commercial vessels.—An effort was made in the House, January 19, to authorize the franking of public documents by members of Congress until July 1, but it was defeated by a vote of 71 to 163. The Postmaster-General, in answer to a resolution of the Senate, reported an annual saving of $2,250,000 by the abolition of the franking privilege.—Senator Logan introduced a bill, January 19, for the appointment of five commissioners, without salary, to collect information about the liquor traffic, the practical workings of the prohibitory laws, etc. Referred to the Finance Committee. The committee subsequently reported an amended bill, which was placed on the calendar.—A new rule was adopted by the House, January 20, requiring that all motions to suspend the rules before they can be entertained must be seconded by a majority, in the same way as the previous question.—The credentials of Senator Thurman, of Ohio, re-elected, were presented January 20. On the same day Mr. Morton, of Indiana, moved to take up the resolution for the admission of Senator Pinchback, so that it might be recommitted to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. He had lately received information which led him to desire an investigation of the circumstances of the Senator's election.—On the recommendation of the Centennial Committee, a bill was passed by the House, January 21, requesting the President to extend an invitation to the governments of other nations to participate in the Exposition of 1876.—Senator Conkling introduced a bill, January 23, providing for the establishment of an international commission to lay down ocean courses for steam-vessels, and to otherwise secure increased safety for sea travel.—A bill was passed by the Senate, January 23, to pay the bonds of the Louisville and Portland Canal.—The Salary-repeal Bill was signed by the President January 21.

Several important bills were introduced into the New York State Legislature during the week, but no conclusions were reached. Of these one was by Mr. Alvord in the Assembly, forbidding the sale or purchase of gold or gold certificates unless actually in possession of the seller; another, by the same member, forbidding the certification of bank checks unless the money is in bank to cover the amounts; one by Assemblyman Leake, virtually legislating Comptroller Green and Corporation Counsel Smith out of office on the 1st of July next; and one by Senator Gross, permitting of verdicts by a majority of the jury in civil actions.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported adversely to the bill allowing twelve per cent. as the rate of interest in the city of New York, and the bill was rejected.—The constitutional amendments were discussed in both Houses, and in the Senate all but one were passed to a third reading.

The names of William M. Tweed, James H. Ingersoll, and Henry W. Genet were stricken from the roll of attorneys by the Supreme Court January 23.

James H. Sullivan (independent) was elected, January 20, as the successor of "Harry" Genet from the Twenty-first Assembly District. He received 2649 votes, against 2235 for Crary (Tammany), and 1753 for Allen (Republican).

The celebrated Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, died suddenly at their residence, Mount Airy, North Carolina, on the 17th inst., aged sixty-two years.

The coal miners' strike in Pennsylvania has ended in an agreement to resume work immediately at the prices of 1873.

The corner-stone of the new *Tribune* building in this city was laid, January 24, by Miss Ida Greeley.

Ex-President Baez, late of San Domingo, arrived at this city January 22. His family did not accompany him.

The ship *Panther*, Captain J. W. Balch, was lost recently on the California coast, with all on board.

The new Governor of Dakota, John L. Pennington, has reached Yankton, and assumed the duties of his office.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE cable announces the sad news of the death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, at her residence in London, on the night of January 22. She was born in Edinburgh, in the year 1839, and made her first appearance in America at Irving Hall, in this city, September 11, 1865.

Augustus Heinrich Hoffmann, the German poet, died January 21, in his seventy-fifth year.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna was celebrated in St. Petersburg, January 23, with great pomp.

According to a statement in the London *Times*, Prince Bismarck holds the French government accountable for the violence of the ultramontane press in France.

Persons passing between France and Italy are no longer required to be provided with passports.

The British Parliament has been dissolved by royal decree. Mr. Gladstone in an address to his constituents, asking for re-election, announces the fact, and gives as a reason for the measure that since the defeat of the government upon the Irish higher education question by the concurrent efforts of the leaders of the opposition and the Catholic prelacy in Ireland, the government has not been possessed of sufficient authority to carry out great legislative measures. The new Parliament will meet March 5.

Mr. George H. Whalley, member of Parliament, has been adjudged guilty of contempt of court, in writing to the press defending the perjured witness, Jean Luie, in the Tichborne case. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £250, and be imprisoned till the amount is paid.

The nomination of candidates for the Dominion Parliament took place January 22 in Ontario and Quebec. Thirty-five ministerialists, five opposition, and one independent were nominated by acclamation. Among those unopposed were Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier, and Hon. R. J. Cartwright, Finance Minister.

In Spain the Carlists claim that Santander and Portugnalite have surrendered unconditionally to their forces, with 1200 Remington and 400 Minie rifles and two cannon.—Admiral Topete has returned to Madrid and resumed his duties as Minister of Marine.

The Cuban insurgents are reported to have defeated the Spanish troops under General Portilla.

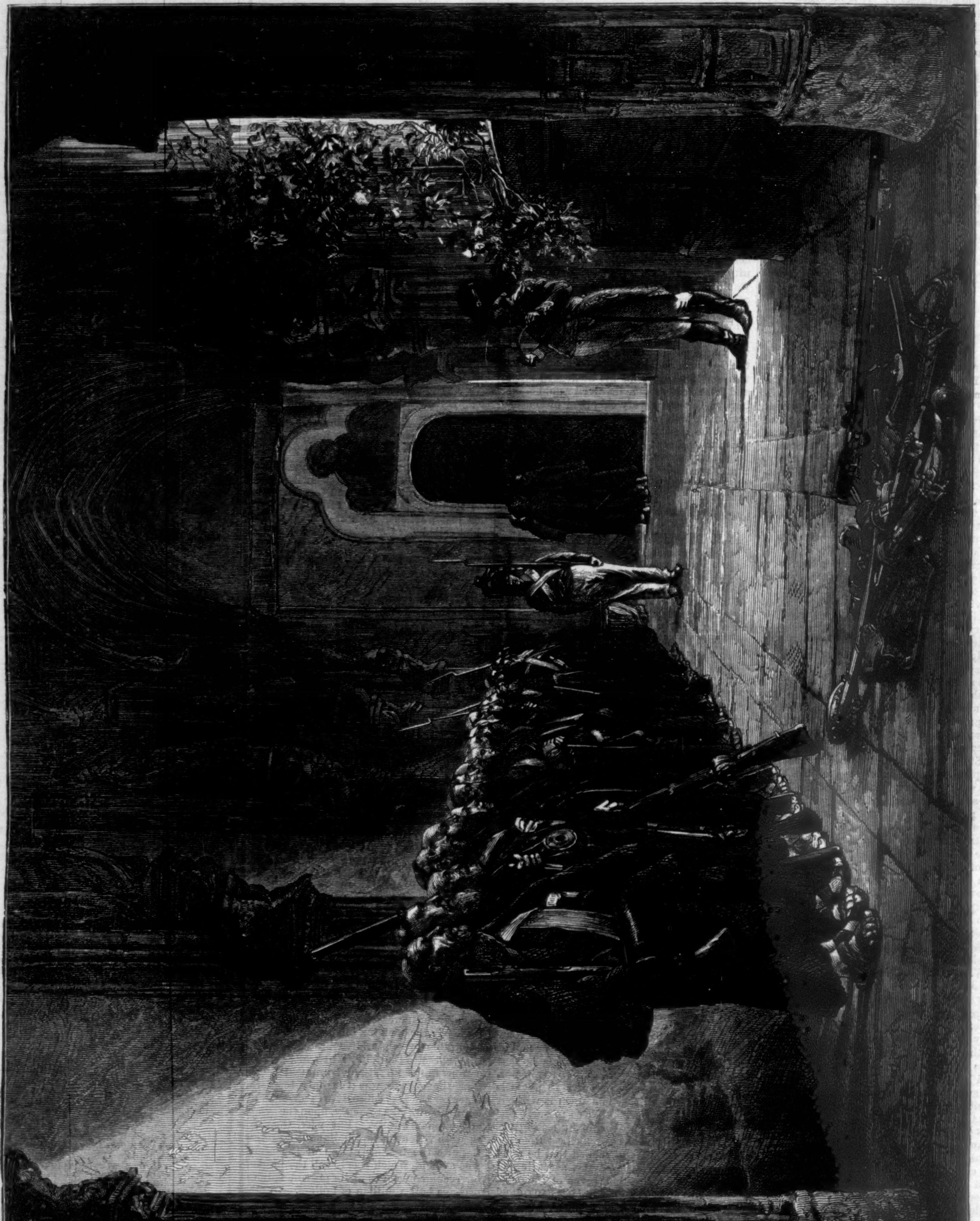
There are fears of another revolution in Hayti, and her Majesty's ship *Woodlark* has been sent there to protect British interests.

In the French Assembly, January 21, the Left submitted an interpellation of the government regarding its treatment of the press, which, after a violent debate, was tabled by 100 majority.—The Assembly has appointed a committee to liquidate the civil list of the late Emperor Napoleon.

DRILLING MONKS.

In earlier times, when the wealthy monasteries of the Old World, especially those of Italy, sometimes became the object of the rapacity of impecunious and lawless feudal chieftains, the monks were not unfrequently called upon to defend their property and the sanctity of their shrines with carnal weapons, and in this kind of defensive warfare often proved themselves to be excellent soldiers. Their massive structures were fortresses admirably adapted to defense against the assaults of ill-armed and partially drilled marauders.

Still later, when force was employed to break up the monasteries and the Inquisition in Spain and Italy, the monks took up arms in defense of their cherished institutions; and the better to fit themselves for the emergency, sometimes called in the aid of a drill-sergeant to instruct them in the more skillful handling of arms. Our illustration represents such an exercise in the wide corridor of a Spanish monastery. It is a curious spectacle. The old drill-sergeant must be very pious if he can suppress profane thoughts as his experienced eye runs down the awkward squad of monks, standing against the wall in order to keep in line. They do not appear to take much interest in the drill, and the old man with the ancient arquebuse, twice as long as himself, looks positively discouraged, as well he might. Scarcely two of them are armed alike. The monastery armory has been ransacked for weapons, and in the heap thrown into the foreground of the picture we see specimens of the huge guns, pistols, and cutlasses used two or three centuries ago, such as are now found only in collections of ancient arms. Our own old-fashioned "training days," when our "embattled farmers" appeared upon the tented field armed with hoe-handles, Queen Anne's arms, and corn-stalks, hardly presented a more motley and grotesque sight. But the records of the times show that the monks could fight desperately and bravely when attacked.



DRILLING MONKS IN A MONASTERY.—[From a Painting by Vibert.]

ORIGIN OF PLAYS.

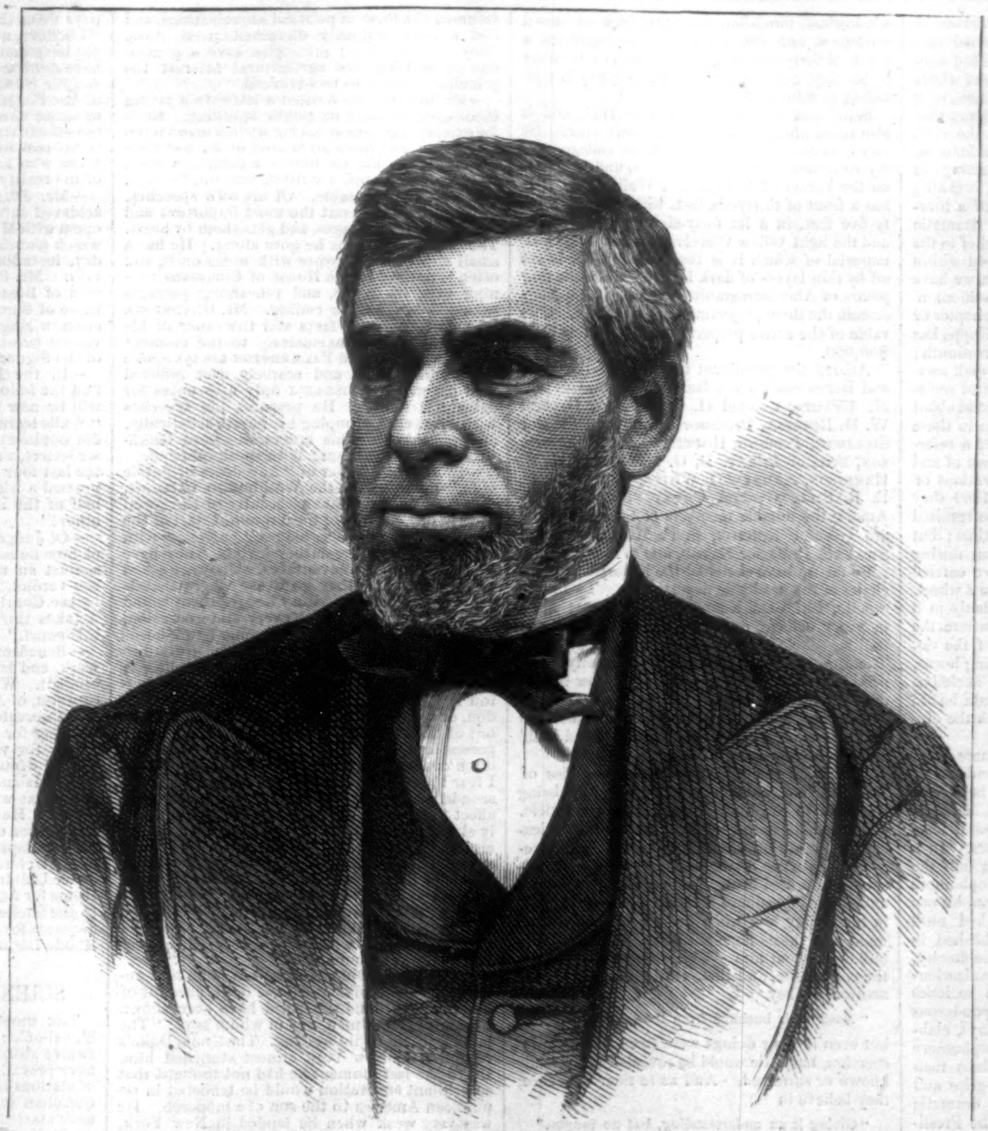
The first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by Suffarian and Dolan, 562 years before Christ. Those of Terence were first performed 154 years before Christ. The first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens on a wagon, 535 years before Christ, by Thespis, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time a tragedy was carried on by a set of musicians and dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of Bacchus; and that the musicians might have time to rest, and that the people should have some new diversion, introduced an actor, who between every two songs repeated some discourse on a tragical subject. This actor's discourse was called the episode. Thespis also furnished satyrs with actors, and Horace says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems, their faces being daubed with dregs of wine, or, according to Luidas, painted with ceruse and vermilion, to represent a red and high-colored visage. Æschylus introduced two actors, and Sophocles added a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

The Hon. Morrison R. Waite, who has been appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, as the successor of the late Hon. S. P. Chase in the position of Chief Justice of the United States, was born at Lyme, Connecticut, November 29, 1816. His father, Henry M. Waite, was one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Errors of the State, and afterward Chief Justice. The son graduated at Yale College in 1837, and, after studying law one year in his father's office, removed to Maumee City, Lucas County, Ohio, in 1838, and in the following year was admitted to the bar in that State. He continued to practice law in Maumee City till 1850, when he removed to Toledo, where he now resides, and devoted himself closely to his profession.

His practice became large and lucrative, and it suffered but two interruptions, once, in 1849–50, when he was a member of the Ohio House of Representatives for one term, and again in 1872, when he was called to act as a counsel for the government in the Geneva Arbitration. In 1862 Mr. Waite was the "bolting" Republican candidate for Congress against James M. Ashley, but was defeated by a small plurality. During the war he was foremost among the citizens of Toledo in supporting the government, and he was always in full accord with the patriotic sentiment of the North. He was not willing to be brought forward again as a candidate for office; but had the Republicans carried the last State election, with a majority of the members of the Legislature, there is no doubt that his name would have been presented as a candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Thurman.

At the time of his nomination to the position of Chief Justice Mr. Waite was President of the Convention called to revise the Constitution of Ohio, to which post he was chosen by the unanimous vote of both parties. He has for many years stood at the head of the bar in his adopted State, and has twice declined a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court.

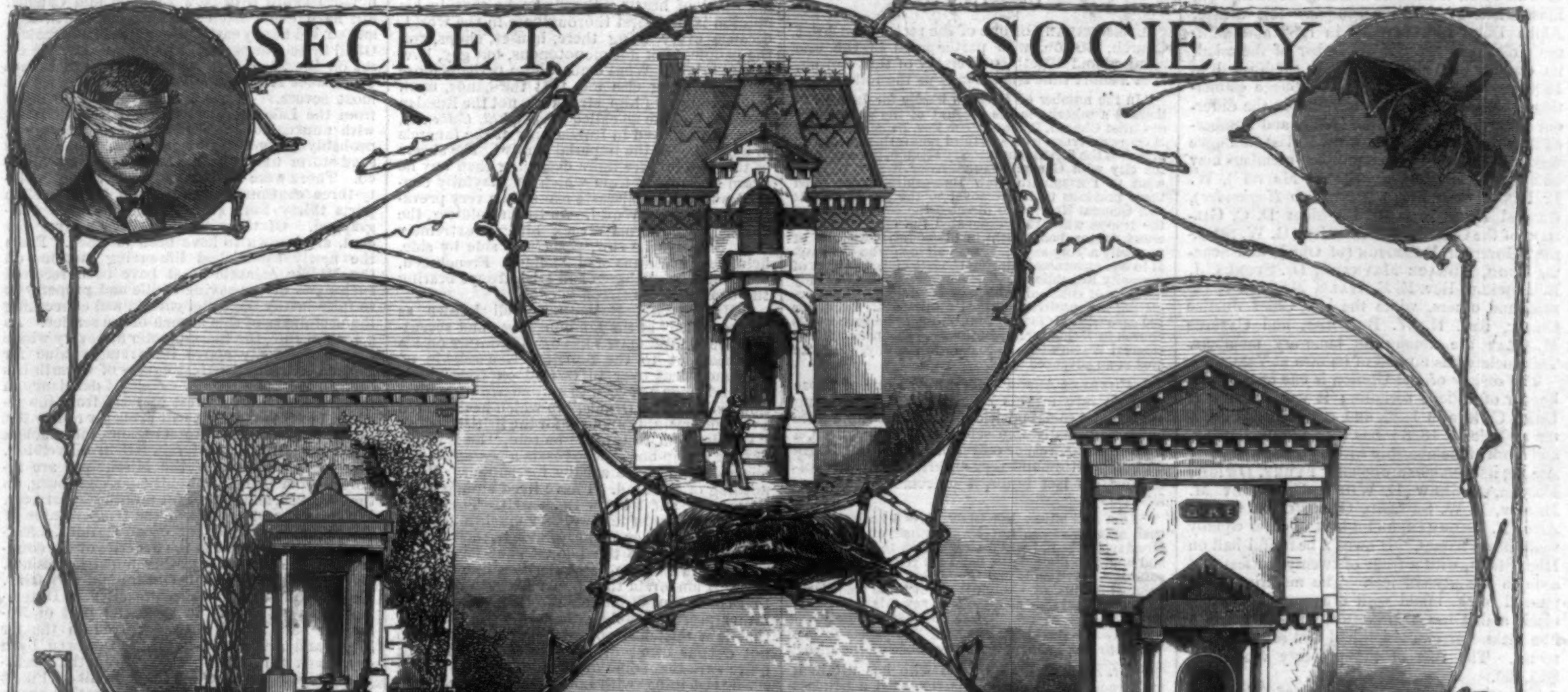


CHIEF JUSTICE MORRISON R. WAITE.—[From a Photograph by Rockwood.]

SECRET SOCIETIES AT YALE.

The secret society system of Yale College is a peculiar characteristic of that institution, and is so prominent a feature there that it is quite as much talked about as the college curriculum itself. Whether this be an advantage or the reverse is a question which may of course be argued either way. The society system at Yale is different from that which prevails at any other institution of learning in this feature, that there are no societies—except in the scientific school—which run through the entire course, but the societies change with each succeeding year. After Freshman year the members of the next year's society are elected by the class above, and as the number is necessarily limited, a society election is one of the coveted honors. Every college in the land has its secret societies—even Harvard can not deprive them of an existence within its halls. But at all the other colleges and universities except Yale the Freshmen are elected soon after entering, and remain active members of the organization during the entire four years.

Beginning, then, with the societies of Freshmen year, we find three such societies now in existence at Yale. As with the organizations in the two succeeding classes, these societies are known and designated by letters of the Greek alphabet, the letters selected being the initial letters of the secret motto of the society. They are known as Delta Kappa (Δ. K.), founded in 1845; Kappa Sigma Epsilon, or "Sigma Eps" (K. Σ. E.), founded in 1840; and Gamma Nu (Γ. N.), a sort of half-and-half secret society, founded in 1855. A fourth society, Sigma Delta (Σ. Δ.), founded in 1849, expired in 1860. A Freshman on entering college has an opportunity to join either one of these three societies, and if he has friends in an upper class, is pretty sure to join whichever one they may recommend. The rivalry between the societies is solely one of numbers, and many interesting and humorous stories of the influences used to induce a would-be Freshman to join one or the other of the two first-named might be repeated ad libitum. Zeal-



SECRET SOCIETIES AT YALE COLLEGE.—[From a Drawing by Miss Alice Donlevy.]

ous Sophomores have paid hotel bills, driven in hired carriages all around the city, carried carpet-bags, and furnished with an unlimited supply of cigars, wine, and suppers, Freshmen whom they wished to secure for their organization, only to be mortified in the end by the discovery that the Freshman was already pledged to the rival organization, or was a smooth-faced graduate of many years' standing. The society meetings in this year are held on Saturday nights, breaking up at midnight, and the exercises are of a literary character, sometimes varied by a dramatic entertainment. Despite the popular belief to the contrary, not a drop of wine is allowed within any society hall in college, and this rule, we have been informed on good authority, is seldom if ever violated. "Sigma Eps" has one chapter or branch at Dartmouth College; Delta Kappa has one at Amherst as well as one at Dartmouth; Gamma Nu has no chapters, and is a weak society at the best. All told, the first-named society has had about 1600 members, the second about 1900, and the third 400. An allusion to these societies would not be complete without a reference to their initiations, which are known of and cited throughout the country as illustrations of Pandemonium broken loose. Until 1869 they were very rough in character, and often resulted in serious injury to some of their victims; but since then a professor has been present during the sports, to interfere in case they are carried too far. Tossing in a blanket, rolling in a wheel, stowing away in a coffin, sitting suddenly in a tub of ice, or put under a guillotine, where the knife is arrested within a few inches of the victim's nose, and members yelling, blowing horns, burning phosphorus, and masked as skeletons and demons—these are what a candidate has to pass through before being invested with the dignity of membership.

The Sophomore societies are now mere stepping-stones to a Junior organization, and are almost entirely of a social character. They are at present two in number—Delta Beta Chi (Δ. B. X.), and Phi Theta Psi (Φ. Θ. Ψ.)—and have each from thirty to thirty-five members. In a class of ordinary size this leaves about half the members out in the cold. The first Sophomore society was established in 1838, and was known as Kappa Sigma Theta, and flourished until 1858. Alpha Sigma Phi was established in 1846, and was broken up in 1864 by the faculty, and from its ashes sprang the two organizations already mentioned. All the college societies have rooms of their own, guarded by ponderous iron doors, and furnished, so report says, elaborately and elegantly. They are in Sophomore year more like jolly, free-and-easy clubs than any thing else, having of course their grips and pass-words, but beyond an occasional dramatic entertainment the literary feature of the Freshmen societies has disappeared.

In Junior year there are three societies, two of which own handsome buildings of their own, illustrations of which accompany this article. Alpha Delta Phi, founded in 1832 at Hamilton College, is the weak member of the triad, its chapter at Yale, which was established in 1836, ranking the lowest in the college estimation. It has twenty-two chapters in the different colleges throughout the Union, and numbered 3650 members all told when its last catalogue was issued. Among its prominent members may be cited D. G. MITCHELL ("Ik Marvel"), W. L. KINGSLEY (editor of the *New Englander*), General DICK TAYLOR, President D. C. GILMAN (of the California University), G. W. SMALLEY, Governor DENNISON (of Ohio), and Senator PUGH, HORACE MAYNARD, Dr. STORRS, J. R. LOWELL, Rev. E. E. HALE, MANTON MARBLE, and others, while the late Chief Justice CHASE, Rev. H. W. BEECHER, and CASSIUS M. CLAY are among its honorary members. This society has no hall of its own at Yale.

The society of Psi Upsilon is one of the best-known of college societies; it was founded at Union College in 1833, and established a chapter at Yale in 1838; has now fifteen chapters, and a roll of membership with about 3500 names. Among its members are Senator FERRY, DWIGHT FOSTER, ANDREW D. WHITE, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, F. W. SEWARD, GALUSHA A. GROW, AMOS F. AKERMAN, and a host of other equally well-known names. It owns a beautiful hall on High Street, with a front of twenty-six feet and a depth of sixty-six feet. The material is red pressed brick, inlaid with ornamental work in black, and it has a Mansard-roof. Inside is a fine theatre or exhibition-hall and several other rooms. The cost of the property was about $15,000.

The other Junior society is that of Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale in 1844. It has now no less than thirty-eight chapters and nearly 5000 members. Among them are CHARLTON F. LEWIS, Major-General SWAYNE, Professor NORTHROP, J. H. DRUMMOND, General F. A. WALKER, J. Q. ADAMS, Jun.; and among its honorary members General BURNSIDE, SCHUYLER COLFAX, BAYARD TAYLOR, and others. Its hall is on York Street, and was built in 1861 of red brick, and has a front of twenty-four feet six inches, with a depth of forty-five feet, and the property is valued now at about $10,000.

Last, though by no means least, come the Senior societies, two in number, whose mysteries are "deep, dark, unfathomable," and an election to either of which is one of the coveted college honors. Skull and Bones, and Scroll and Key are the euphonious names by which these two organizations are known to the college world. Of the two the first-named is also first in position and in honor. Not much is known about its origin, except that it is supposed to have been founded in 1833. It takes each year fifteen new members, who are claimed to be the most prominent in their respective class either as scholars, literary men, or social companions. Its hall is on High Street near Chapel, and is a grim-looking, windowless, tomb-like structure, built of brown sandstone, and with a front of thirty-five and a depth of forty-four feet. It stands in a lot forty by seventy, and the value of the property is estimated at $30,000.

Scroll and Key was founded in 1841, and it also takes fifteen new members every year. Its hall is undoubtedly the handsomest college society structure in the United States, and it stands on the corner of College and Wall streets. It has a front of thirty-six feet, with a depth of fifty-five feet, in a lot forty-eight by ninety-two, and the light yellow Cleveland stone is the chief material of which it is composed. This is set off by thin layers of dark blue marble, while four pillars of Aberdeen granite with marble cappings sustain the three projecting arches in front. The value of the entire property can not be less than $50,000.

Among the prominent members of the Skull and Bones Society are found the names of W. M. EVARTS, Colonel H. C. DEMING, General W. H. RUSSELL, Professor THACHER, Professor SILLIMAN, Professor HOPPIN, Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, Senator FERRY, D. G. MITCHELL, H. B. HARRISON, ANDREW D. WHITE, C. M. DEPEW, E. R. SILL, General CROXTON, and others. Among the notable members of Scroll and Key are General RUNYON, S. F. MORSE, General SWAYNE, Professor EATON, and W. R. BACON.

So far we have sketched the history of the societies of the academic department. Two more remain, Phi Beta Kappa, which is represented in every college, and has for its members the leading scholars in every class, and Chi Delta Theta, a revived society, which formerly comprised the leading literary men, and now is confined to the five editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. The Sheffield Scientific School has also several secret societies, but the school itself is too young for them to have any history.

In leaving the subject of secret societies of Yale, much of course remains unsaid as not being pertinent to the limits of a newspaper article. College politics are kept alive in all their intricacies by the societies, which represent in that respect the parties of the outside world. Friendships are formed in them which last through life, and the old graduate finds an old familiar spot in his society hall when he returns to his alma mater and meets none but strange faces and new buildings about him. The secret societies form the college life, and their existence is apparently assured. They

"Mask their business from the common eye;"

but even if their doings were open to public inspection, but little would be revealed not already known or surmised. And as to their existence, they believe in

"Giving it an understanding, but no tongue."

PERSONAL.

A DESCENDANT of one of the rectors of Christ Church, Boston, who participated in the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that church, held a short time since, sends us the following:

"In the number of *Harper's Weekly* for January 24 there is a mistake in the account of the anniversary of Christ Church, Boston. The Rev. Dr. MATHER (not MATTHEW) BYLES, who was third rector there, and who preached the fiftieth anniversary sermon, did not leave the city with General GAGE. After Easter, 1775, he went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and resided there previous to his removal to the provinces. It was General HOWE who directed the embarkation of the troops when they evacuated the city. The reverend doctor, being loyal to his country, was not of necessity a Tory any more than all men who were loyal to our government during the late civil war were of necessity Republicans. The reverend doctor was only desirous of continuing his pastoral duties without declaring any positive political sentiments. Such was the case with his father, who, although he gave up his church in Hollis Street, Boston, yet was permitted by General WASHINGTON to remain in the city, where he died at an advanced age."

—CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED was one of those men, so rare in this country, who, possessing wealth and social position, was at the same time an exceptionally fine scholar, a good writer, a hard student, rather odd in manners, but of genial disposition and very entertaining. The following, his last letter, is extremely characteristic:

"I am still alive. For twelve days I have suffered such agonies as can not be described or imagined. Monday, the 12th, I was easier. I took the sacrament, and hoped to die quietly, but I am reserved for more suffering. My family and friends have shown me the greatest kindness. I think it ought to be made legal to kill such invalids as myself. I say this as a Christian. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

"P.S.—My servants have been like angels to me. Were I to live, I should write a palinode on the Irish."

—Dr. ESMARCH, a surgeon who has attained eminence in Germany, has invented a process whereby amputation of the limbs may be performed bloodlessly by applying elastic bandages to the limbs above the point of operating. The method has been successfully tried in England.

—Miss BRADDON has opened negotiations with the Boston Literary Bureau to deliver a series of readings from her works some time during the present year.

—When the Hon. BENJAMIN R. CURTIS was nominated as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he declined it on the ground of inadequate compensation, the salary being only $6000, which was too small a sum for the comfortable maintenance of a family accustomed to live generously, as his had been accustomed to live on his large professional income. It was promised by Mr. WEBSTER and other friends that every effort should be made to raise it to $10,000. He then accepted. Shortly after the salary was raised to $8000, and he remained six years on the bench. His private fortune having at this time been swept away by unfortunate investment, he resigned, and it is understood that his professional income in the first year after his resumption of practice was over $50,000.

—General FARNSWORTH, for many years a prominent member of Congress from Illinois, was in Washington a few days since, and in conversation expressed the opinion that the "granges" and "Patrons of Husbandry" had assumed the form of political organizations, and had already seriously disturbed party lines. They have no fixed principles, save a general one of making the agricultural interest the principal interest to be advanced.

—Mr. BRIGHT has written a letter to a young theological student on public speaking. He is for extemporaneous speaking when a man knows his subject, and has a good hold of it; but for a preacher, who has to deliver a sermon a week to the same people, a written sermon, he says, is almost indispensable. Of his own speeches, Mr. BRIGHT writes out the most important and highly worked passages, and gets them by heart. The rest he fills in as he goes along. He has a small slip of letter-paper with notes on it, and often is noticed in the House of Commons conning over his notes, and rehearsing passages with his eye on the ceiling. Mr. GLADSTONE uses notes only for facts and the order of his points, and trusts exclusively to the moment for his words. Lord PALMERSTON always spoke extemporaneously, and scarcely ever referred to a paper. Mr. DISRAELI only uses notes for dates and figures. He prepares his speeches with great care, grouping his points artistically, and polishing up his epigrams. Lord GRANVILLE and Earl RUSSELL both speak off-hand.

—In his last number of "Anecdotes of Public Men," published in the Washington *Chronicle*, Colonel FORNEY writes pleasantly of the social ways of our Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States: "These judges," he says, "with all their gravity, are rather jovial. They have exceptional social advantages. They are asked every where, and they go every where that is proper. A sort of divinity hedges them round about. They are first at every state occasion, or nearly first. They are welcome figure-heads at great weddings. They dominate great dinners. They decorate receptions and balls. A justice or a Chief Justice at a party in Washington is like a prince at a drawing-room in London, or a cardinal in Rome. They flutter in and out of the Senate with a sage and solemn air of possession. I think it is in evidence that they often condescend to sherry and Champagne, and I fear that GRIER and NELSON exceptionally descended to old rye whisky. The whole nine affect the drama. JOHN MARSHALL undoubtedly shed tears over FANNY KEMBLE, just as the eminent Pennsylvania Chief Justice, JOHN BANNISTER GIBSON, idolized old JOSEPH JEFFERSON. DAVIS of Illinois and SWAYNE of Ohio, MILLER of Iowa and CLIFFORD of Maine, do not deny their weakness for a good opera or ballet, and JOSEPH STORY, like CALEB CUSHING, enjoyed a good novel, and wrote some very fair poetry when he was a young man."

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS has gone into authorship. The advance sheets of his account of his voyage around the world have been shown to a few literary men, one of whom says: "The book is intensely interesting. The Grand Duke's reception in New York almost stupefied him. Up to the last moment he had not thought that so brilliant an ovation would be tendered in republican America to the son of a monarch. He was very weak when he landed in New York, and during his progress up Broadway frequently felt like fainting. But every body was so kind to him that he tried to look pleased, as he was in his heart of hearts. Broadway, he says, in his opinion is the finest thoroughfare in the world, because every thing there, houses, shops, and the people, look not monotonous, but gay, lively, and bright. What amused him perhaps more than any thing else was that the bands, upon catching sight of him, struck up, not the Russian anthem, but the so-called *Dirge of St. Catherine*, which was played in Russia only at the funerals of a member of the imperial family! The cheers of the people were more deafening than any he heard in Europe, from which he playfully concludes that lung diseases can not be very prevalent in the New World. As to the soldiery, the variety of uniforms struck him as extremely odd. He says he saw, peacefully side by side, helmeted Prussians and 'kepied' Frenchmen, red-coated Englishmen and Irish troops bearing the banner of the Green Isle."

—Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, well known as "Historicus," of the London *Times*, and recently made Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT on his advancement to the Solicitor-Generalship of England, went over to Oxford on New-Year's Day and made a speech to a wonderful organization called "The Druids," in which he delivered a very entertaining apology for the British squire. "People seem to think," he said, "he is a sort of ogre in top-boots, who roasts a peasant in the morning and stews a baby for supper. He is nothing of the kind. I have lived among them all my life, and I know them well. They are a very good sort of fellows, very much like other Englishmen. They are hospitable to their neighbors and kind to the poor. They have their weaknesses and their singularities, like the rest of us. I am afraid they prefer foxes to radicals; that is an error of judgment. I fear they would rather preserve rabbits than Non-conformists; that is a mistake too, for Non-conformists do not devour crops or ruin farmers. I am not quite sure that some of them would not rather see a 'fast thing' with Lord MACCLESFIELD than listen to the speeches of the members for the city of Oxford; that is a piece of bad taste, but then you can not expect every body to be as enlightened as if they were Druids."

—There are Englishmen who wish to take their sporting comfortably. Sir GEORGE FORO, for instance, who has but recently breathed the air of the republic, was in Memphis, Tennessee, the other day, having in his cortége six servants, four horses, twenty-one dogs, and about six thousand pounds of baggage. What Sir GEORGE is in pursuit of is pleasure, and he proposes to ferret it out in Florida with rod and gun. He is a bachelor with $250,000 a year income, and on that contrives to rough it.

—Professor PROCTOR, in his interesting lecture on the sun, imparted this fact for our information and comfort: "If an infant were born having an arm of the length of 92,000,000 miles, so as to reach the sun, and if in the cradle he were to stretch out his arm and touch the sun, that infant might grow to the threescore years and ten allotted to man, but he never would be conscious of the fact that the tip of his finger was burned; he would have to live one hundred and thirty-five years before that would be experienced." We know a boy of fifty who would like to go on with the other eighty-five years, just to see whether the finger would be much scorched.

—Lord LAWRENCE, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in speaking of missionaries, pays them the following extraordinary tribute: "I believe, notwithstanding all the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all agencies combined;" and Sir DONALD M'LEOD, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, alluding to the impression that missions have not produced results adequate to the efforts which have been made, says, "There is no real foundation for this impression, and those who hold such opinions know but little of the reality."

—Mr. JULIUS PERKINS—Boston man—has achieved substantial success as a basso in Italian opera with MAPLESON's company, of Drury Lane, which embraces some of the best singers of the day, including TIETJENS, TREBELLI, and BETTINI. Mr. PERKINS, with the modesty of the man of Boston, veils his nationality under the name of Signor GIULIO PERKIN. The company are now singing in the provinces, and the provincial press is quite hearty in commendation of the Signor GIULIO PERKIN.

—In the *Reminiscences of Holland House* we find the following anecdote of VOLTAIRE, which will be new to most if not all of our readers: "While learning the English language (which he did not love), finding that the word *plague*, with six letters, was monosyllabic, and *ague*, with only the last four letters of *plague*, dissyllabic, he expressed a wish that the *plague* might take one-half of the English language, and the *ague* the other!"

—Of Judge GRIER this "personal" is related, of how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man. Said he: "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk. Enter, also, 'Set aside by the Court.' I want it to be understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

—Beneficence continues to do its charming work, and is spreading its influence among the opulent. Within a few days past Mr. ALANSON SUMNER, of Albany, has given $1000 to the Dudley Observatory at Albany for the erection of a building for magnetic observations, the instruments for which have been furnished by the United States. Mr. GEORGE HALL, of Warren, Rhode Island, the place of his birth, has also done that which entitles him to good remembrance. He has given to the Baptist church of Providence of which he was a member $20,000; to the Baptist church, Warren, $2000; to the Baptist church in Bristol, $2000; to the Providence Children's Friends' Society, $5000; to the Home for Aged Women, Providence, $2000; and to the Shelter for Colored Children, $2000. Also bequests for the purchase of two free beds in the Rhode Island Hospital.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE monthly weather review of the Army Signal-office for December gives the details of twelve storms, of greater or less severity, that have prevailed within the limits of the net-work of stations maintained by the United States and Canadian governments. Two of these storms have started from the northwestern portion of the Gulf of Mexico, and passed along the Atlantic coast to the eastward of Nova Scotia. Four have started from Western Texas, and passed northeastward over New England and Canada. Six have come from the extreme Northwest, and passed nearly eastward over the Lake region. Of all these storms, that which passed over Kansas on the 2d of December, and moved thence over Lakes Michigan and Huron, was by far the most severe. It was accompanied with snow from the Lake region westward to California, with unusual cold. On the 1st of December, probably in connection with the storm, a heavy sand-storm was reported at Yuma, New Mexico. There were hoisted at American ports sixty-three cautionary signals, and for Canadian ports thirty-four storm warnings were telegraphed. Of these signals seventy-three per cent. are known to have been justified. From the newly established life-saving stations on the Middle Atlantic coast have been received such news of the saving of life and property as to fully justify the belief entertained concerning the usefulness of this branch of the service. As a general rule, the thermometer has every where ranged decidedly above its average value for December. The greatest excess of warmth has been in the Lake region. A slight deficiency in rain-fall in the Southwest appears from the reports, but it is stated it will probably not be felt seriously in the agricultural regions, inasmuch as there was an excess of rain-fall in November. The highest stages of the Mississippi are reported from Cairo, Memphis, and Vicksburg, on the 18th, 23d, and 30th of the month respectively. We miss the statement of the temperatures of the water at the river and ocean stations, a feature of much interest to the fisheries of the country, and, indeed, to many other industries besides. Auroral displays have been rare and very faint. The amount of fog which prevailed in December was very great. In the latter part of November vast prairie fires occurred in the far West, and several dust-storms, followed by a dry, black rain, are reported. From the recently established station on the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado, among other interesting observations, it is reported that at the time of sunset there appeared to the northeast a heavy mist overhanging the plains, and on this mist was depicted, by means of the setting sun, a perfect shadow and profile of the mountain. This continued for the space of fifteen minutes.

Dr. CHARLES SMALLWOOD, of Montreal, died on the 22d of December, at the age of sixty-six. He was specially known as interested in meteorology, and had charge for some time of the Montreal Observatory, during which he was in constant communication with the Smithsonian Institution in reference to this branch of science.

Dr. GOULD, the director of the new observatory in the Argentine Confederacy, continues to send encouraging accounts of the progress of the great astronomical works that he has there undertaken. Having labored to determine accurately the relative brightness of all the stars in the southern heavens visible to the naked eye, he announces that a few weeks will enable him to begin the preparation of this work for publication. Great care has been taken to make a thorough and accurate comparison of the results of the four assistants, and the rule has been to determine the brightness of all the stars down to the 7.3 magnitude, in order to make sure of losing none as bright as the seventh. The labor

on the Uranometry was undertaken before the arrival of the large meridian instrument, and as soon as the latter was established (namely, on the 9th of September, 1872), the observations of the zones of all stars as bright as the ninth magnitude were commenced in earnest. Each night three zones are observed, whose lengths average about one hundred minutes, the nightly observations for the year averaging at least eight hours. The weather is described as having been exceedingly unfavorable for astronomical work during the winter and early spring, until March, April, and May of 1873, when magnificent opportunities were enjoyed. Dr. Gould states that he has observed in all during the past year about fifty thousand stars, and considers that somewhat more than half of the work of observing is already finished.

Astronomers, however, know how great a labor of computation still awaits Dr. Gould and his assistants before his results can be put into that form which is most convenient for use. The photographic work undertaken by him at his own private expense has been prosecuted with all the success that could be expected with a broken lens. Finally, however, he concluded to order another object-glass for the use of the observatory; and this having arrived in perfect order, he hopes before long to be able to resume his labors under better auspices.

The Cordoba Meteorological Bureau, established at his urgent representation by the national government, has been organized and brought into working condition as rapidly as was practicable; but as the instruments were necessarily ordered from foreign countries, not more than half of them had arrived at the latest advices. Dr. Gould has, however, had the gratification of finding two gentlemen who have each carried on an uninterrupted series of observations for some dozen years past—one in Buenos Ayres, and the other near the Patagonian frontier—and he has secured the co-operation of about fifteen correspondents. The programme issued for the instruction of his observers differs apparently but little from that of the Smithsonian Institution, the hours of observation being seven, two, and nine, local time.

We regret to have to announce the death of Professor T. Chevallier, late Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of Durham.

Chevallier had but recently entered upon his eightieth year, having been born October 19, 1794, and had maintained a life of active usefulness in astronomical science up to within a few months of his death. He graduated in 1817 as Second Wrangler at Cambridge, and established his reputation both as a profound mathematical and an elegant classical scholar. It was mainly if not entirely through his exertions that the Durham Observatory was founded in 1840. He was the first to institute in England the regular continuous observation of the solar spots, which has since led to such important results. A distinguished observer in this field, Mr. Carrington, was a pupil of Chevallier.

Mr. J. F. Gardner, geographer to Professor Hayden's survey, in giving a short sketch of the method adopted by him to determine the altitude of the various points occupied by the party in the Rocky Mountains, states that the experience of the surveys of California and of the fortieth parallel show that in the determination of the altitude of any point a mercurial barometer is liable to an error varying from 150 to 300 feet, even when the base barometer is at the foot of the peak, and only 3000 feet below the summit. In connection with Professor Whitney (chief of the California Survey), the following plan was adopted for correcting the errors of barometrical work. Four points were chosen at successive levels of from 1000 to 14,000 feet. These stations were carefully connected by levelings with a spirit-level, and were occupied as permanent meteorological stations. The observations taken by field parties are classified according to their heights, and each class is referred to the base station which is nearest its own elevation; the lower station being Denver, the fourth the summit of Mount Lincoln (14,000 feet), where are a number of silver mines worked by Captain Breese. The central position of this peak admirably fits it for the base of reference. Besides the barometric determination of heights, two connected systems of trigonometric leveling have been carried over the whole area surveyed, and the check observations are so arranged that the probable error can be easily determined, and it is hoped that the system will prove accurate enough to throw some light on the amount of refraction at great elevations. By these methods the altitudes of many high points have been determined, from which to construct a map in contours 200 vertical feet apart, on a scale of two miles to one inch.

Dr. Beke is of the opinion that intelligence may soon be expected from Dr. Livingstone, as by recent news he seems to have been only about thirty or forty miles from St. Salvador, and within two hundred miles of the mouth of the Congo.

The eleventh report of the Zoological Society of Hamburg, presented to the members on the 16th of July, 1873, gives a gratifying picture of their success in establishing a first-class zoological garden. That city at present has a population of about 236,000, from which the support of the garden is almost entirely derived.

The endowment of the society consists mainly in the proceeds from life memberships, that for a single person costing $90, for families from $135 to $180, according to the number of persons composing them. The payments for life memberships in ten years amounted to $225,000, in addition to which $25,000 were received as presents, making $250,000 as the entire fund.

According to the report referred to, the entrance fees, sales of surplus animals, rent of restaurant, etc., amounted in the ten years to $475,000, the running expenses being $340,000, leaving a surplus of $135,000.

The number of visitors during ten years was 2,855,780, the average daily receipts amounting for the ten years to $136, and as the daily running expenses were $93, there remained a daily surplus of $43.

The society does not attempt to make a dividend among the stockholders, the surplus being applied entirely to the purchase of animals, the enlargement of the buildings, and the general expenses; and, even after this is provided for, there is a small balance, which is carried to the general account.

During the year 1872 there were 253,820 paying visitors, of whom 221,165 were on days when the rates were reduced, and 77,261 were to the aquarium, for which a separate charge was made, the average number per day being 967. There were also 2691 annual subscribers.

The number of animals on exhibition embraced 295 mammals, of 143 species, and 1115 birds, of 282 species. Since its first establishment there have been exhibited 286 species of mammals and 622 of birds, besides a considerable number of reptiles and fishes not enumerated in the catalogue.

There is no reason to believe that zoological gardens in Europe have more visitors, in proportion to the population, than they would have in the United States; and the statistics here presented furnish a decided encouragement to those who are interested in the organization of similar establishments in American cities. Such places as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, etc., may reasonably anticipate a sufficient number of visitors to warrant the erection of a first-class zoological garden, with entire assurance that the expenses will be fully met, even if great profits are not obtainable. In such a place, however, as New York there can be no question as to a pecuniary profit. In the Zoological Garden of London the annual income in the way of fees from visitors, etc., amounts to considerably over $100,000, a sum sufficient to meet all the cost of sustaining and exhibiting this unrivaled collection of living objects.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Among the events of history which will be at once recognized as according with the fitness of things was a recent visit of the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University to the Wilberforce House, in the city of Hull, England. When shown the room in which Wilberforce was born, they sang there "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." The feeling which thus connected two great heroes of emancipation was very beautiful, and the scene must have been very impressive.

The "Congregational controversy," as it is now called, has advanced a step farther. On the evening of January 21, at a meeting of the Clinton Avenue Church (Dr. Budington's), the following resolution, after much debate, was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That in case a satisfactory result be not otherwise reached, the pastor and the Committee of Seven, acting conjointly with the pastor and a similar committee of the Church of the Pilgrims, be requested to prepare and submit to a meeting of the church, called from the pulpit, suitable letters missive for the calling of a council to advise on the whole subject involved in the correspondence between the churches."

The course taken by the pastor and Committee of Seven in the preceding correspondence with Plymouth Church was unanimously approved.

The announcement that the Rev. Dr. Henry B. Smith has been compelled in consequence of ill health to resign the Professorship of Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary will be received by scholars with great regret. As editor of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, Dr. Smith has done much to give breadth to theological culture in the United States. The trustees of the seminary have made him an Emeritus Professor, with salary.

The relative efficiency of the two methods of supplying churches with pastors—that of settlement upon call of the people, and that of appointment by higher authority—is a very fair subject of debate. The *Interior* (Presbyterian), of Chicago, has found from the statistics of Presbyterianism in 1871 that of 4346 ordained ministers, 2737 were fully engaged in preaching, 750 in teaching or editing, leaving 859 unemployed. This would make 3487, or four-fifths, legitimately employed, and is an excellent showing.

The *Interior* falls into error when it compares these with the ministerial statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It reckons as "ordained ministers" all the Methodist local preachers, making the aggregate liable to appointment as pastors 21,234. It fails to recognize the fact that Methodist local preachers never contemplate the pastorate, but, remaining in secular business, are licensed to preach as they have opportunity. According to the returns for 1873, the number of traveling ministers (who alone are pastors) in the Methodist Episcopal Church was 10,571. Of these 8911 were employed and 1660 unemployed.

Among the surprises of the day is the announcement by the *Evening Post* of the suspension of *L'Univers*, the famous ultramontane newspaper of Paris. M. Veuillot, its editor, has been long recognized as one of the pillars of conservatism. In vituperative writing he has no superior among French journalists. His invective, always expressed in polished language, was at times terrific. One of the latest of his characteristic assaults was upon the people of the United States, whom he described as but little removed from barbarism.

The papers of Europe discuss with much animation the characters and merits of the newly appointed cardinals. Of the political bearings of the selections made, the Roman correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The greatest efforts were made to propitiate France and Austria, the former a stanch friend, the latter a wavering partisan, whose eventual support is not yet despaired of. Of course no friendly attention has been paid to stubborn Germany, and, what is more remarkable, none to England or America, though the Pope has perhaps no supporters more earnest and zealous then some of the prelates in the Anglo-Saxon dioceses of both hemispheres. In the new batch, however, which the Pope is said to have *in petto* for proclamation at Easter, mention occurs of the name of Archbishop Manning. It has been remarked that neither on this occasion nor in any of his former nominations of members of the Sacred College has the present Pope ever caused his choice to fall on any man of literary or scientific eminence, and his conduct is not very favorably contrasted with that of former popes, and even of his immediate predecessor, Gregory XVI., who summoned Mai and Mezzofanti from their lay occupations at the university or in the libraries, and at once promoted them from mere *abati*, or semi-detached priests, to the highest ecclesiastical honors he could bestow. The Jesuit Tarquini may, indeed, raise some pretensions to literary achievements. Tarquini, as the *Voce della Verità* informs us, is the first Jesuit who found his way into the Sacred College since the times of Clement XI., in the early part of the eighteenth century."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* reports that the Jesuit Cardinal Tarquini was, in the days of his youth, a gay young fellow. "One day he stopped in the street in order to listen to a Jesuit father who was preaching to several old women. The young man, who was then a clerk in a lawyer's office, took a fancy to the Order of Jesus, and commenced studying. He learned Latin at the College of Montefiascone, and showed a very great liking for ancient languages. He studied the Etruscan language, and published in the *Official Journal* of the Papal Government a genealogical history of the Tarquini family. He was not a handsome man, but exceedingly elegant. He had a great passion for preaching; indeed, it was this passion that induced him to turn priest; but all his efforts to become an orator failed. However, he was appointed to teach at the Sacred Roman College, and found means to push his way. He could not forget that he had been a clerk in a lawyer's office, and showed, on several occasions, that he retained some knowledge of legal questions. He was constantly summoned to draw up reports on matters of a religious and temporal character. The Pope, who evidently wished to appoint a Jesuit to the dignity of Cardinal, could think of no better person than the active father whose name he constantly heard associated with valuable reports and opinions on matters of importance."

A Council of all Presbyterian Churches in the world has been projected, and the preparations for it are making progress. At the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States a committee was appointed to correspond with other Presbyterian bodies in relation to the subject. A meeting was also held during the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance by the Presbyterian delegates thereto, at which the project was most favorably received. The Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Philadelphia have also expressed their concurrence. The Council will embrace the Reformed Churches of the continent of Europe, the Presbyterian Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches of America.

According to the latest accounts, Protestantism is making good progress in Spain. At Seville a building which had once been an elaborate mosque, and afterward converted into a Catholic church, has been sold to Presbyterians. In this church there is a service in Spanish every Sunday, which many Sevillians attend. At Granada service is held in the house of the pastor, Señor Alhama, who some years ago was imprisoned for reading the Bible. Upon the breaking out of the revolution Señor Alhama was released, and has since maintained Protestant worship in the city.

The *Presbyterian Monthly Record* for January touches upon a subject which ought to be more discussed. It is the expediency of uniting weak churches of kindred though differing faiths when, especially in small towns, they are struggling for existence. In the State of Illinois there are 241 Congregational churches with 19,593 members, and 472 Presbyterian churches with 36,333 members. There are 69 places in which there are both a Presbyterian and a Congregational church; of these there are 14 in which neither church exceeds 60 members. In the State of Michigan there are 180 Congregational churches with 12,370 members, and 162 Presbyterian churches with 13,188 members. There are 23 places where there are churches of both denominations, and of these there are 12 in which neither church has over 75 members. Counting Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan together, there are 85 towns in no one of which either the Congregational or the Presbyterian church has over 60 members. The question is very pertinent, Why should not the churches in these towns unite? The inquiry is, perhaps, susceptible of a still wider application.

The union of the New Connection Methodists and the Wesleyans of Canada is likely to be effected, the circuits voting very generally in its favor.

The London *Daily Telegraph* reports that to the American legation at St. Petersburg is due the credit of procuring the insertion of an article in the recent treaty between Russia and Bokhara abolishing slavery. The fact, if it be as reported, is honorable to our country.

The measures taken in the Swiss Jura to replace the expelled ultramontane priests by Old Catholics have been entirely successful. The Abbé Déramey, who is at the head of the new body of clergy, writes thus to an English correspondent: "When we first came into the Bernese Jura we were eight in number, speaking the French language. We are now sixteen, which makes twenty-one with the addition of our dear brethren of German origin in the Bernese Jura. Every thing induces me to believe that before the end of January, 1874, we shall be twenty-five or thirty in number. That is few enough, no doubt, if we compare ourselves with the hundred priests of the old clergy whom we replace. But it must be borne in mind that many of our predecessors were in possession of mere sinecures, and that a new distribution of parishes into pastoral arrondissements has enabled us to suffice, or very nearly so, for the spiritual wants of the population, who, of their own accord, demand the aid of our ministry."

There are in Boston twenty-one Baptist churches, having 7579 members.

Dr. Hamlin, the veteran missionary, who has spent so many years in Turkey, in a recent address made a very clear exhibit of the effect of Christian propagandism in Constantinople. When he first began his work, in 1838, there was not a newspaper printed in the native language in the whole region; now there are more than one hundred newspapers in Constantinople alone. In 1838 the subject of female education could not be mentioned without giving offense; now several thousand girls are educated in the schools of Constantinople.

The observance of the week of prayer in Brooklyn was closed by a united celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Bedford Avenue Reformed Church. The call was signed by a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist, and a Reformed pastor, and by two Congregational pastors. The signers say, "By this union service we mean to show our faith in the essential unity of a common life, derived from a common service, and to promote thereby so far as we may that practical fraternity which is the highest proof of our fellowship in the spirit of the Gospel." The occasion was one of great interest.

The Richmond *Despatch* has shown commendable enterprise by publishing in a double sheet the statistics of that city for 1873. Four columns are given to the religious statistics, of which the following is a brief summary:

Denominations.	No. of Churches.	Membership.	Increase.
Baptist (white)	7	3,215	401
Baptist (colored)	8	8,887	1008
Methodist (white)	10	2,249	220
Methodist (colored)	2	596	100
Episcopal	7	1,591	147
Presbyterian (white)	4	1,380	86
Presbyterian (colored)	..	....	....
Lutheran	2	268	....
Disciples	1	589	97
Catholic	3	4,598	....
Friends	1	....	....
Jewish	3	236	28
Totals	48	23,609	2082

The total population of Richmond is 51,038. It would appear, therefore, that nearly one-half of the people are connected with some branch of the Christian Church.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper. "I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife. "Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose. "'Are ye!' Is that the way ye speak when I'm tellin' ye that I'm gaun to leave ye forever? Ye're no to lay my banes here amang the riffraff o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Whitburn, an' lay them beside my father an' mother." Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense (which, indeed, he could ill afford), waived giving any answer, but led on a different conversation. "Do ye hear, Andrew?" "Oh yes, I hear." "Weel, mind what I'm sayin'; tak' me to Whitburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye nicht an' day. Do ye hear?" "Yes, yes, I hear perfectly. Is that pain in yer side troublin' ye yet?" "Ou ay! I'm a' pain thegither; but the maist pain to me is that ye'll lay my dust here." "Oh, woman, dinna distress yersel' about that simple circumstance." "Mind, I'll no lie here; ye maun tak' me to Whitburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't." "Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Whitburn, I canna help it; but we'll try it at Linlithgow first."

On a comic actor who died a lamentable death:

"In theatres the scene is wont to pass
From gloomy tragedy to cheerful farce:
Ah me! thy life a varied order chose,
With farce to open, tragedy to close."

THE TRAITOR'S EPITAPH.

May this dreary abode be forever unknown,
Forever by Virtue, by Pity, untrod;
Unbreathed be his name, and unhonored his stone,
The foe of his country, his monarch, his God.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, who was well known by the nickname of "Old Bags," in one of his shooting excursions unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged. "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Bags's keepers." "No," replied his lordship, "I am Old Bags himself."

A little time ago a landlord, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said, "Mr. —— is the most regular customer I have; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing being punctual."

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

"A new instrument," says the Paris *Figaro*, "suggested by the life of M. Thiers, has been invented by an ingenious savant. It varies with every change of the wind, and is called the Thiermometer."

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss, "Madam, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

An instructor asked a Freshman girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy on an errand.

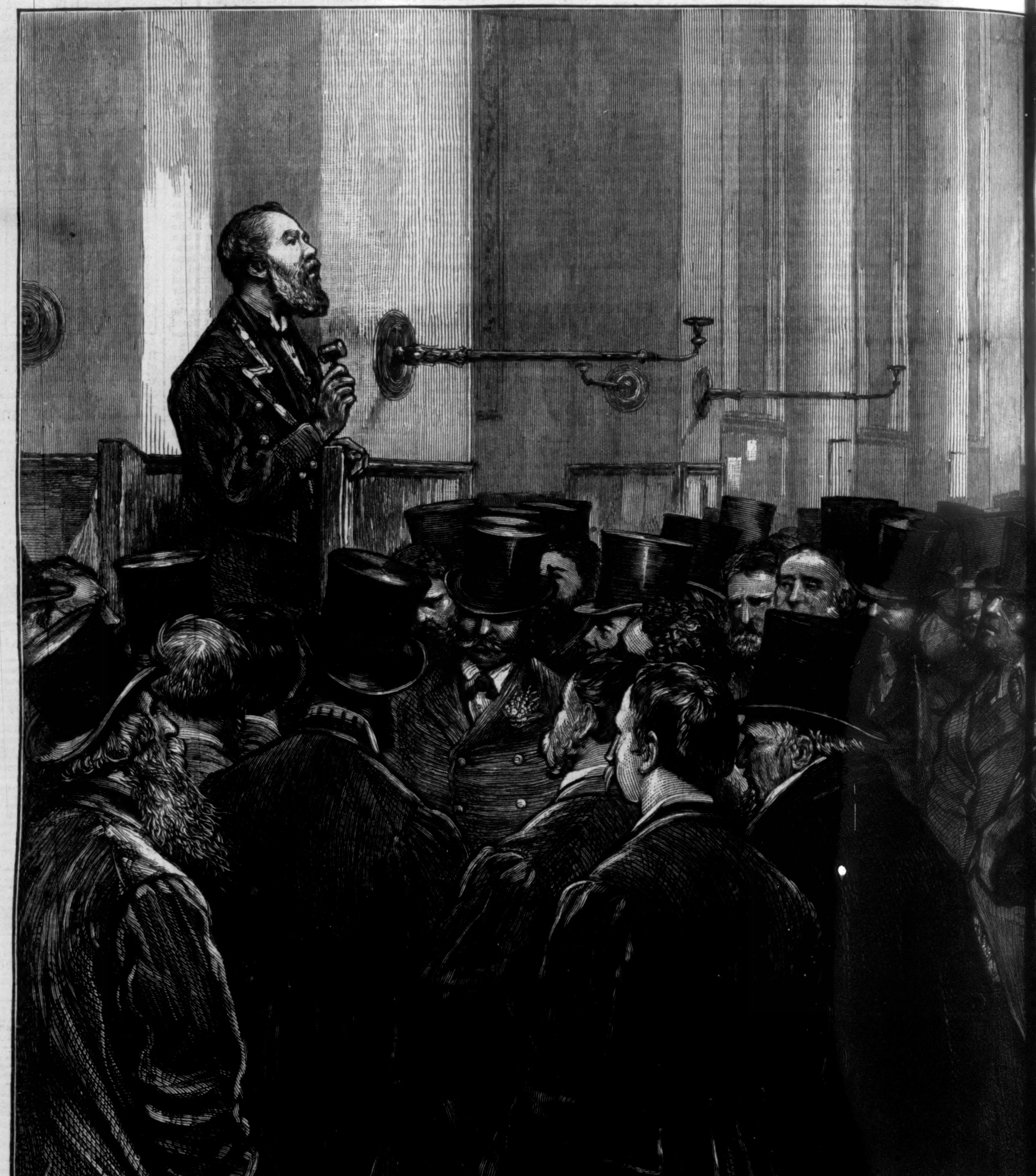
A lady who was constantly quarreling with her husband expressed her surprise that they disagreed so frequently, "for," said she, "we agree uniformly in one grand point: he wishes to be master, and so do I."

"Pathrick dear, come in and go to bed jist," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly "how-come-you-so" state; "you must be dhreadful tired, shure, wid yer long walk!" "Arrah! git away wid yer nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the length av the way that fatagued me; 'twas the breadth av it!"

"What were you brought up on?" asked a rough Western judge of a lean and lank culprit. "Brought up on a charge of vagrancy, I believe, your honor."

"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?" "No," said Bill. "Well, he always carries his comb with him."

An individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a friend whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."



THREE TAPS WITH A HAMMER—PROCLAIMING A DEFAU

FAULTER ON THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.—[See Page 130.]

THE RUNAWAY.

"Joy, my tender fairy,
Willful, wistful, airy—
I pray you tell me why
You are so very shy.

"Don't I want you, love you,
Look and long to prove you
Friend, as I to you,
Faithful, gentle, true?"

"You don't know how to find me;
You don't know how to bind me:
I fly, yet am not shy—
Shall I tell you why?

"Because, while you pursue,
My sweetness I renew;
I fold my wings to rest
In some less eager breast!"

THREE TAPS WITH A HAMMER.

If one of the public, not being a member of the London Stock Exchange, desires to view the interior of the sacred building in which stocks are bought, sold, and even occasionally (when not fully paid up) given away, and he is fortunate or unfortunate enough to evade the lynx eye of the porter at the entrance, he will probably find that his visit will be more productive of exercise than information, as his time will be principally occupied in endeavoring to regain possession of his hat, which, on his entrance, has been at once appropriated by the members, and is being carefully examined from every point of view. The hat generally seems to meet with most admiration when in mid-air. After a short and exciting visit, the stranger will carry away with him a hat, in fact the same hat that he brought in, but with the welcome of the members of the Stock Exchange stamped upon it in very legible characters.

Before proceeding to the immediate subject of our engraving, it may be interesting to our readers to know that the affairs of the Stock Exchange are managed, or mismanaged, by a committee, which committee is perhaps one of the most autocratic bodies existing. No appeal lies from its decision; it sits a lofty body, giving ing what should be, from their finality, infallible decisions; but if its decisions are not infallible, the members have the great comfort (to themselves) of knowing that they are irresponsible.

The irresponsible mantle is not allowed to rest on the lower order of beings who comprise the ordinary members of the Stock Exchange, for, strange to say, notwithstanding the beneficent rule of the mighty committee, it does sometimes happen that a member of the house, not a member of the committee (perish the thought!), is unable to "comply with his bargains." If a member wishes to have himself declared a defaulter, he writes a letter to the secretary of the Stock Exchange to that effect. If a member wishes to have another member declared a defaulter, the member so wishing writes to the secretary, but in the latter case, as the letter might not be (though it seems wicked to hint at such a thing) strictly accurate, the great committee requires that the communication shall be countersigned by two of the committee or by the chairman, so that the reader will observe that the chairman is as good as two of the committee, and it may be an interesting calculation to work out from that starting-point how much better a member of the committee is than an ordinary member of the house. Billingsgate Market is a noisy place, the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane is not quietness itself, yet we doubt if the noise of Billingsgate Market and the Corn Exchange both put together can in any way compare with the perfect Babel of tongues which exists on the Stock Exchange; it seems at times as if all the members were shouting against time, and probably time has something to do with it, as we are informed that from the fleeting nature of some of the transactions they are called "time bargains."

Sometimes in the midst of all this noise and hubbub a portentous hollow sound is heard, as of a blow being struck on a large empty box, shortly followed by two more similar blows. At the first sound the effect is almost magical—perfect silence reigns, the half-completed bargain is suspended, the half-uttered joke dies upon the lips, and white and anxious men turn to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, for those three raps, so insignificant in themselves, may mean to many a man absolute ruin, and may forebode poverty and starvation to many a hitherto luxurious home. After the three raps are accomplished, the silence is broken by the waiter who has given the raps, and the name of the defaulter is announced, and the hubbub shortly recommences as if nothing had happened.

Our double-page engraving represents the waiter of the Stock Exchange giving the three raps. Almost in the centre of the building is a seat, on which the waiter rests at times from his arduous duties. The seat is large, is made of wood, and hollow, so that it possesses somewhat of the qualities of a drum. When the waiter has given the three raps he announces the name of the defaulter "who can not comply with his bargains." This is so onerous a duty that, we believe, the official is chosen with almost as much care as the committee, yet, we are informed, a dreadful thing once happened. A member had written to the secretary, desiring that another member, whom he named, should be declared a defaulter; his communication was duly countersigned, and handed to the waiter, when, shocking to relate, the waiter, instead of declaring the name of the defaulting member, read the name of the member who had written the letter.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By Miss Braddon,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HEIR OF PERRIAM.

Weeks and months passed on, and Sir Aubrey Perriam's condition underwent little change either for better or worse. He had been struck down in the prime of life. He was now a helpless and, in all semblance, an aged man. His intellect, keen enough within its somewhat narrow range a few months ago, had now dwindled to the obscure and clouded mind of dotage. He was not mad: he had no wild delusions, no strange imaginings. The clouds that darkened his mind never opened to show him visions of the unreal. He held no mysterious converse with invisible interlocutors, he evoked no company of shadows out of the world of fancy. He was only a foolish old man, with a weak memory, and no interest in life save in the most trifling details of his monotonous existence.

He who had been formerly remarkable for the polish of his placid manners was now captious and irritable, selfish and exacting. Unconscious how much he was demanding, he would have kept his young wife a perpetual prisoner to the sick-room, and deprived her of all contact with the outer world, save during the hours when she walked slowly to and fro beside his invalid chair upon the terrace above that peaceful hollow where the family vault awaited his coming.

Only by some exercise of diplomacy could Lady Perriam taste the joys of occasional liberty; but, as time wore on, she learned how to manage her invalid husband, how to seem to comply without complying, how to avoid all hazard of irritating him, and yet have her own way. Mrs. Carter was of the utmost service to her in this matter, always able to smooth away difficulties, to appease the baronet's wrath when he was inclined to be angry—altogether an invaluable servant to Lady Perriam.

The nurse kept her solitary place apart from the household; rarely left her own or the invalid's room, save to take the air in attendance upon Sir Aubrey; held no converse with the other servants; scrupulously avoided all familiarity, yet was never uncivil.

The result of this uniform and blameless conduct may be easily imagined. Not one of the Perriam Place servants liked Mrs. Carter. She was pronounced proud, artful, secret; a person who, under the smoothest outward semblance, concealed the deepest and most dangerous designs. It was seen by the servants that Lady Perriam took more notice of Mrs. Carter than of any other dependent, and this weighed heavily against the nurse. Sylvia could hardly be said to be familiar even with Mrs. Carter, but she was kinder and more gracious to her than to any one else in the household, and the servants talked of favoritism.

"I've served in this house, as girl and woman, for nigh upon forty years," said Mrs. Spicer, the housekeeper, "and I've never yet set up for being a favorite. I make my courtesy to Sir Aubrey to-day if I meets him any wheres as humble as I made my courtesy to him when I first come as scullery-maid, a mere slip of a girl. But here is this Mrs. Carter living up stairs in her own room, and having her meals served up to her at her own table, and being waited on by them as is good enough to sit down with her any day in the week, I should hope."

"I think she's seen better days, though, Mrs. Spicer," said Mary Dawe, the upper house-maid; "she has it in her looks and in her ways, somehow. Her hands are as white as curd-soap and as small as any lady's, and she has such a soft way of speaking; and I've seen her handwriting too—quite like a young lady at boarding-school."

"I suppose she's come over you with her quiet ways," answered the housekeeper.

"No, she's no favorite of mine; she's so silent, and she must be proud, or she'd scarcely keep every one at a distance as she does; but she's always polite."

"Too polite!" muttered Mrs. Spicer. "She's like Lady Perriam herself. There's no getting at the bottom of her."

"Do you know," said Mary Dawe, "I've sometimes thought that she's rather like Lady Perriam in the face, allowing for age, and all that."

"Allowing for a precious lot, I should think!" exclaimed Mrs. Spicer. "There's not much likeness between that poor faded thing and Lady Perriam."

Mary Dawe's suggestion was negatived by general consent. No one could see any likeness between the nurse and her mistress.

Sir Aubrey had been in his helpless, melancholy condition about four months, and it was glowing midsummer weather once more, and the corn yellowing in the fertile fields between Hedingham and Perriam Place, when an event occurred which added considerably to Sylvia's importance, and made the future at once bright and smooth for her ambition.

The baronet's proudest hope was realized when he had lost all power to taste the sweetness of that once longed-for joy. His young wife bore him a son!

Merrily rang the chimes of Hedingham and Monkhampton, the one monotonous bell of Perriam Church clanging in amidst those sweeter peals, on the evening of the baby's birth—a glorious July evening, all the rich landscape and the distant ocean steeped in a yellow light.

Edmund Standen heard those joy-bells as he smoked his after-dinner cigar, strolling about the garden with Esther and his mother—heard and wondered at the unaccustomed sound.

"What can they be all ringing for?" said Esther. "It isn't the ringers' practicing night; and there go the Monkhampton bells as well as ours. Are the English fighting any where, and winning battles, Edmund? You know how little I read the newspapers."

"No, Essie, England is honorably neutral just at present. Those joy-peals do not proclaim a victory. Some victim at the hymeneal altar, I suppose."

"They'd have rung this morning if it had been for a wedding," replied Esther, who couldn't quite get over her wonder at those unusual joy-bells.

The old gardener, syringing an adjacent rose-tree, touched his hat, and ventured to address the young lady of the house.

"Begging your pardon, miss, I met Jim Baker, the under-gardener at The Place, as I was coming back from my tea, and he told me as Lady Perriam had got a little son—born this afternoon. Mebbe it war for that they bells was ringing."

"No doubt, Giles," answered Esther, with a nervous look at Edmund. His cheek, browned healthily by many a ride to and fro between Dean House and the bank, and by many a run with the hounds last winter, paled at the mention of that too well remembered name.

Her son! And one of his brightest, sweetest day-dreams in his brief summer-time of love and hope had been a vision of the day when Sylvia's first child should be laid in his unaccustomed arms—Sylvia's child and his.

"Poor Sir Aubrey!" said Mrs. Standen, almost as if she read her son's thoughts on his clouded brow. "He will have little pleasure in the birth of his son."

The joy-bells rang on, and every note was bitterness to Edmund's heart. He left the two ladies to stroll up and down among the flower beds, and went for one of those long, solitary rambles with which it was his wont to solace himself when the pangs of memory and regret were too sharp to be endured with a smiling countenance, and that cheery, easy manner which made him so dear to the household. He had borne his grief wonderfully, the women who loved him told one another with thankful spirits. He shared all their small pleasures, was the best of sons, the most indulgent of uncles, the most devoted of brothers. He only who wore the shoe knew how it galled and pinched. Edmund Standen wore his shoe with so good a grace that his womenkind fondly believed in his cure. The struggle had been sharp and short, they thought, and with one wrench he had plucked Sylvia Carew out of his heart. Were Sir Aubrey's death to set her free to-morrow, she would hardly win Edmund back again. He knew her too well to be again her victim.

Grief, like jealousy, is apt to make the meat it feeds on. Feeling the birth of Sir Aubrey's heir a source of supremest bitterness, Edmund Standen must needs bend his steps toward Perriam Place, as if anxious to drain that bitter draught to the dregs. He went across the well-known fields in the summer gloaming—bean fields, where the perfumed blossoms seemed fittest abodes for elves and fairies—clover fields that looked darkly purple in the fading light—by wide stretches of feathery oats—by a bit of woodland where the thick fern filled the hollows, trembling like green water with every breeze—and so, as if summoned by that one monotonous bell, to the church-yard in the hollow, with its ivy-mantled stone wall—wall of mellowest grays and browns, with hart's-tongue ferns pushing their slender fronds out of every crevice.

The bell lapsed into silence as Edmund entered the little lane leading to the church-yard gate—a narrow lane, with the wall on one side, and a tall hedge on the other, a deep gully between a green meadow and the rustic burial-ground. People who live in the country are fond of church-yards, and God's-acre seems a natural lounging-place, a trysting-spot for lovers, a play-ground for children, a quiet scene where age may meditate upon life's brevity and the wide hopes beyond it.

Edmund went into the church-yard, climbed the low wall, and seated himself on the top of it. From this position he could survey the Italian garden, and the south front of Perriam Place, whose lighted windows showed dimly in the summer dusk. He lighted his cigar. Let the smoker's disappointment be ever so bitter, he mechanically seeks consolation from tobacco. He sat smoking and looking dreamily at those faintly shining windows.

"Is she happy, I wonder?" he mused. "She has a new source of happiness: the mother's joy, which should be very deep. A new life begins for her from to-day—a new life in which self must needs be but secondary in all her thoughts. She will taste her child's innocent joys, suffer his baby sorrows, forget her own desires in his. And thus she will be further away from me than ever. Until to-day there may have been some faint regret for me still lingering in her heart; after to-day I shall be the most insignificant atom in creation in comparison with that new-born child. Happy privilege, to succeed to a new inheritance of hope, new capacities for joy!"

He thought, and with deepest compassion, of the afflicted husband and father, the clouded brain which this new light of home could hardly brighten. The particulars of Sir Aubrey's sad condition were tolerably well known in the neighborhood. Mr. Stimpson, the surgeon, affected to be reserved upon this point, but by nods and frowns and shrugs, and confidential admissions to particular friends, had made the state of the case known far and wide. The servants also had tongues, and knew how to use them.

While Edmund Standen sat looking at the windows and smoking, a man, who also had a cigar in his mouth, came with a brisk step along the Italian terrace, and planted himself, leaning with folded arms upon the stone balustrade, a few paces from the spot where Edmund was seated. In this new-comer Mr. Standen recognized Mr. Bain, the solicitor, with whom he had frequent dealings in his professional capacity. Mr. Bain would as certainly recognize him. It was best therefore to accost the agent, Edmund thought, lest there should appear any thing surreptitious in his occupation of that particular spot.

"A nice evening for a country ramble, Mr. Bain," he said, cheerfully.

"Bless me! is it you, Mr. Standen?" exclaimed the agent. "I shouldn't have expected to see you so far from Dean House after dinner."

"That's because you don't know my habits. There's nothing I like better than an evening ramble, with no company except my cigar."

"Isn't that a rather misanthropical turn of mind for so young a man as you are, Mr. Standen?"

"I don't know about misanthropy, but I know it's pleasant to be able to think one's own thoughts now and then, instead of making conversation."

"And you've chosen such a nice spot for your evening's meditations," replied Mr. Bain. "Now I suppose that old church-yard, lying under the shadow of this terrace, with its balustrade and antique vases and statues and so forth, is a scene which poets and that sort of people would call romantic?"

"I think one need hardly be a poet or a painter to admire this old church-yard."

"Really now?" asked Mr. Bain, with an incredulous air. "You see, it's out of my way as a man of business. If I were owner of yonder house, I should object to a burial-ground so near my water supply. I should fancy every thing I ate and drank was flavored with the ashes of my ancestors. Have you heard the bells ringing?"

"It would be rather difficult to avoid hearing them," answered Edmund, with well-assumed carelessness.

"This is a great day for Perriam," said Mr. Bain, between two puffs of his cigar.

"You consider the birth of an heir a great advantage?"

"Yes, in this case, certainly. The estate would have gone to a distant cousin if Sir Aubrey had died childless. And I know how anxiously he desired an heir."

"Is he pleased at the accomplishment of his desire?"

"As pleased as he can be at any thing, poor man."

"His capacity for joy of any kind is limited, I imagine, from your tone."

Mr. Bain sighed, and shook his head with a melancholy air.

"That's a subject I don't much care about discussing," he replied, after a brief silence. "Fortunately," he added, with a keen glance at the young man's face, just visible to him in the twilight, "whatever decay there may be in Sir Aubrey's mental state, his bodily health is remarkably good. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if he were to live as long as you or I."

"Starting with a disadvantage of twenty years or so," said Edmund.

"Yes, but we live fast—wear our brains and fatigue our bodies to the utmost. He lives like a baby—neither thinks nor labors—sleeps as placidly as an infant in its cradle; and as he has very little memory, he lives almost without care. I see no reason why he should not live to be ninety."

Not once did Edmund Standen inquire about Lady Perriam. He knew not how near she might have been to the gates of death—knew not if her hour of peril were ended. Was she not dead to him already? Could death remove her farther from him, or divide them more completely than her falsehood had divided them?

Yet he would have given much in that hour to know how she fared. It was but his fear of compromising her that prevented his questioning Mr. Bain as to her welfare.

He spoke a little of indifferent matters, finished his cigar, and wished the agent good-night. Shadrach Bain, leaning with folded arms upon the broad stone balustrade, watched the departing figure till it vanished in the narrow lane.

"This rather confirms my notion," he said to himself. "I thought there'd been something more than a passing flirtation between those two. Mr. Standen was deeply hit at any rate, though he contrives to carry it off pretty well. But she doesn't take matters quite so easily. The lightest mention of his name brings the blood into her cheek, and leaves it ashy pale a minute after. You'd better make haste and cure yourself of that fancy, Lady Perriam, for if ever you become a widow, I don't think you'll find it to your advantage to marry Edmund Standen."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. BAIN MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL.

Sylvia's babe grew and flourished, and for the rest of that glorious summer-time it seemed to her as if life had a new zest, the infant was such a novel plaything, and its existence gave her so much additional importance. The servants were more reverential than before. The mother of Perriam's future lord was a much grander person than Sir Aubrey's young wife. Sir Aubrey being in a measure civilly dead, the household worshiped at the shrine of the heir, as if that unconscious infant were already master and ruler.

A motherly country-woman, the childless widow of a small tenant-farmer who had failed and gone to the dogs untimely, had been engaged as nurse. Mr. Bain, who knew every body, had found this person, and brought her to Lady Perriam with a recommendation so strong as to be almost a command. Sylvia would have rejected the woman solely to resist an interference which

she resented as a species of tyranny, but Sir Aubrey, who was present at the discussion, and who always sided with Shadrach Bain, insisted that Mrs. Tringfold should be engaged. Mrs. Tringfold was accordingly introduced into the household a few weeks before the birth of the heir.

Sir Aubrey forgot all about the business within an hour of the argument, but his influence had enabled Mr. Bain to have his own way, which Sylvia considered no small hardship.

"Why do you always take Mr. Bain's part against me?" she asked, when the steward had left them.

"Very sensible man is Bain, my love," answered Sir Aubrey, in his senile way. "Can't do better than take Bain's advice. If Bain recommends nurse, nurse must be good."

"I'd rather have chosen for myself," said Sylvia, pouting.

"What can you know about servants, my dear? You're too young to decide properly. Very good servant is Bain—a faithful servant."

"Faithful to his own interests, I dare say," muttered Sylvia.

Sylvia did not know that it was through Mr. Bain's influence her future income had been made five thousand instead of three thousand a year; but perhaps even had she been aware of this important fact, it would hardly have reconciled her to that ever-watchful influence, which she considered a kind of tyranny.

There was no one in that house, the mother not excepted, to whom that infant stranger seemed to give such heartful pleasure as to the sick-nurse, Mrs. Carter. She deemed it her sweetest privilege to nurse him for an odd half hour when Master Perriam's own special attendant, Mrs. Tringfold, was in an amiable humor and disposed to permit such a liberty with her nursling. She hung over his cradle with a fondness which, if assumed, was the perfection of acting. The servants declared this show of affection was assumed, and condemned Mrs. Carter as a time-server and sycophant.

"She's always been able to get the blind side of my lady," said Mrs. Spicer, the housekeeper, "and now she thinks she'll get more of a favorite than ever if she makes believe to worship that blessed child."

Although this was the uncharitable opinion of the servants' hall, nothing could be more quiet and unobtrusive than Mrs. Carter's love for the infant. It was when for a few blessed moments she was left alone beside the cradle, or with the baby in her arms, that her soul overflowed, and she shed tears, the sacred tears of the repentant sinner, over that unconscious little one, or breathed a heart-felt prayer that his path might be far from the sin and misery that had beset her footsteps.

The time came, but too soon, when the charm of novelty wore off this last blessing, as it had worn off the splendor of her stately home, and Sylvia began to lose her first delight in the baby. He was a troublesome plaything at best, and if his mother allowed herself to take the sole charge of him for half an hour, she was apt to find that half hour the longest in the day. She was glad to hand him over to Mrs. Tringfold or Mrs. Carter, and to admire his infantine graces at a distance.

Sir Aubrey liked to have the babe paraded up and down his room now and then, seemed proud of him, and caressed him with a senile fondness occasionally, but at other times forgot his existence, and sometimes even moaned and bewailed his want of an heir. At first Mrs. Carter would bring him the child, and show him the folly of these complainings, when Providence had already blessed him with so fair a son. But after a little while she discovered how vain this was, and allowed him to utter his useless lamentations as often as he pleased, without endeavoring to demonstrate their foolishness. As time wore on, and the babe became advanced in months, Lady Perriam found him more and more troublesome. With every tooth he cut there was the same fuss and anxiety. He had innumerable small ailments and peevish fits and squalling fits, which Mrs. Tringfold put down to his teeth, until it seemed to Sylvia that he could scarcely have been worse had he had teeth sprouting out all over him, like the almonds on a tipsy-cake.

"I shall be fonder of him when he is a little older, I dare say," the mother thought, self-excusingly, when she found the heir of Perriam more than usually troublesome.

So, little by little, as the months wore on, the child ceased to be the new delight and amusement of her life, and the burden of her monotonous existence weighed upon her as heavily as of old.

She was in some measure more free to do as she liked since Sir Aubrey's illness. He who had been so completely her master was now little more than a cipher in the house. Dead in life, he occupied a place upon this earth, yet was no more than a blank in the sum of its inhabitants.

Sylvia visited his sick-room almost as she might have visited his grave, and was as little likely to be called to account by that unremembering questioner as if her husband's lips had been sealed forever in the last silence.

Weary as she felt her attendance upon Sir Aubrey, she contrived to be tolerably kind to him—schooled herself to a passive amiability which was the very reverse of her vivid nature. She read to him and sang to him, and answered the same questions again and again with a patience which seemed almost sublime. But she restricted the performance of these duties to about two hours a day—an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening. More, she declared, would have killed her.

For the rest of his time Sir Aubrey was dependent upon Mordred Perriam, Mrs. Carter, and Jean Chapelain for society, cheered only by the doctor's daily visit, or by Mr. Bain, who came about twice a week, and went over the business of the estate with his employer as seriously as if the baronet had been in the fullest possession of his faculties.

Lady Perriam had now almost unlimited command of money. Sir Aubrey still kept his check-book, and signed all checks for the maintenance of his household. He was quite conscious of each amount which he so dispensed, and invariably bewailed the largeness of the sum demanded from him, but his brain had lost the power to remember or multiply the figures of previous checks, and he might have been induced to sign three or four for the same purpose and amount in one day, had his land-steward asked him to do so. All checks were written at the instigation of Shadrach Bain. He alone could obtain money from Sir Aubrey, and thus all sums required by Lady Perriam passed in a manner through the agent's hands.

Sylvia felt humiliated by Mr. Bain's mediation, but was fain to submit, for if she ventured to ask Sir Aubrey for money, he always replied in the same manner. What could she want with so many checks? She had plenty of gowns to wear; he was always seeing her in some new finery. She had a house to live in and a carriage to ride in. What more could she require?

Sylvia would suggest that there were bills to be paid, and that some one must pay them.

"Let Bain bring me the bills, and I'll write the checks," was Sir Aubrey's invariable answer. "Bain knows what I ought to pay. He is a sharp man of business, and won't see me imposed upon. You'd ruin me, Sylvia, if I allowed you to manage matters."

Lady Perriam submitted, therefore, and received all checks from the hands of Shadrach Bain. He gave her ample funds to gratify her own caprices as well as to pay household bills. Sir Aubrey signed a check for sundries about once a fortnight, and sundries meant pocket-money for Sylvia. She was now able to gratify her taste for fashionable dresses, rich laces, delicate-hued ribbons, at Mr. Ganzlein's; new books and new music without stint; to crowd her dressing-table with the latest inventions in perfumery; to send her father a bank-note now and then, and to add an occasional bonus to Mrs. Carter's liberal wages. If the possession of money could have made Sylvia Perriam happy, she might now have tasted the fullness of joy; but however pleasant it was to buy fine dresses, it seemed a hardship not to be able to wear them before admiring eyes. She might be pleased with the reflection of her beauty when she stood before her mirror dressed in the style which Mr. Ganzlein assured her was the last Parisian fashion, as worn by the Empress Eugénie. But she turned away from the glass with a dismal sigh, remembering that hardly any one but her sick husband and Mr. Bain would be likely to behold her splendor. Thus, after a brief period of extravagance, she grew tired of buying fine dresses.

She might have gone to Hedingham Church every Sunday, and shown off her finery among people who had known her in her poverty, but this she did not care to do. That one scornful look from Edmund Standen had been almost more than she could bear. She could not hazard its recurrence. Better never to see his face again than to see it with that expression. Yet when she dreamed of the dim unknown future—and all her dreams were of the future—she did not despair of winning her forsaken lover once again, were she but free to attempt the winning.

There was one person at Perriam Place in whom Sir Aubrey's altered state had worked a change almost as melancholy as the change in Sir Aubrey himself. This was Mordred Perriam, who had taken his brother's affliction deeply to heart—so deeply that it seemed as if the very mainspring of his life were broken, and the vigor of the man so wasted and decayed that in the dismal journey to the grave the younger brother was likely to go before the elder. Mordred made no complaint of illness, though to any ear that would hearken he did occasionally bewail those sharp, shooting pangs which afflicted his internal being, now striking the heart, now assailing the head. He shuffled about very much as usual; shambled up and down his accustomed walks in the kitchen-garden, but all his joy in life seemed gone. He had never stirred out of his own room since his brother's attack, save to go to Aubrey's room, or for his constitutional walk in the kitchen-garden. He couldn't bear the sight of the dining-room without Aubrey, he said; so, at his request, all his meals were taken to him in his own littered chamber, and he sat among his dingy brown-backed folios and quartos and octavos, and mumbled his solitary meal, indifferent or hardly conscious what he ate.

He bought no more books; corresponded no more with second-hand booksellers; studied no more catalogues of book sales; and this in him meant the relinquishment of his share in life. Not Charles V., when he shut himself up in the Monastery of St. Just, could have made a more complete finish of his career than Mr. Perriam did when he closed his catalogue and said, "I will buy no more." "What's the use of my getting any more bargains?" he said, when Lady Perriam remarked on this change in her brother-in-law's habits: "there's no one to sympathize with me. You don't care for old books. You like new novels—poor, ephemeral things, which become waste paper six months after their publication. How can you appreciate an Aldine *Cicero*, in twenty folio volumes, or a *Decameron*, almost as rare as that famous edition which sold the other day for something like two thousand pounds? Aubrey could sympathize with me; Aubrey understood when I talked to him." Sylvia had in some measure merited the reproach implied in this speech, for, without being absolutely uncivil to her brother-in-law, she had let him see her almost contemptuous indifference to his pursuits. She had yawned when he showed her some treasured volume; and she had gone so far as to show that she considered book-binding an ignoble pursuit for a cadet of the house of Perriam. From the first day of his brother's affliction Mordred Perriam seemed to shrink away from Sylvia. He recoiled from that lovely butterfly-like creature, as if the very fact of her beauty were an offense against her husband. Sir Aubrey's room was Mordred's favorite habitation. To sit by the fire-place in winter and summer, with his chair close to the hearth, even when the capacious grate was empty of fuel, formed Mordred's chief pleasure. He brought a pile of books with him every day, and would read aloud to Sir Aubrey when the invalid cared for that recreation, nothing discouraged though his brother made the same senile remarks day after day, and gave utterance to feeble criticisms that went often wide of the text. He would make approving remarks on the piety of Voltaire, mistake Jeremy Taylor for Gibbon, confound *Paradise Lost* with Dante's *Inferno*, and in various ways betray the weakness of his decaying brain; but Mordred was happy if he would but appear to listen, and talk a little now and then, and seem content with his company. Thus day after day the two men sat together, both old before their time, both with the looks and the manners of men who had, as it were, outlived life itself, and now dwelt apart in a kind of Hadés, between the life past and the life to come.

Almost the only interest these two evinced in the actual world was their interest in the heir of Perriam. Of him each seemed equally proud. The infant's presence always brought a smile to Sir Aubrey's wan face—a smile which seemed reflected in the countenance of his brother.

"Providence has been very good to you, Aubrey," Mordred said very often, in exactly the same complacent tone. "It's a great blessing to see that fine little fellow, and to know that the Perriam estate need not go out of the direct line."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent formal opening in Washington of the "Corcoran Art Gallery" presents to residents and strangers one of the most attractive places of resort in the capital. It is the gift of a generous and well-known benefactor of the city of Washington, and the ultimate design is a collection of thoroughly valuable pictures. As yet only a mere beginning has been made toward filling the building. The pictures now in the gallery are the entire private collection of Mr. Corcoran, with a number of others recently purchased in Europe. There are some sculptures, including the original statue of Powers's "Greek Slave," "The Veiled Nun," and some fine bronzes by Barye. Among the paintings recently added are the original study of Gerome for "The Death of Cæsar," and the celebrated picture by Ary Schaffer, "Count-Würtemberg weeping over the Dead Body of his Son." The fund annually derived from the endowment of the institution is about $50,000, and the trustees are empowered to make proper arrangements for increasing the collection. The Corcoran Art Building was commenced in 1859, but work upon it was interrupted by the war. Being a fire-proof building, it was occupied for a long time for government purposes. The rent paid for it, together with what had been originally given by Mr. Corcoran, constituted the endowment fund. The Art Building has a frontage of 104 feet on Pennsylvania Avenue, and extends 124 feet on Seventeenth Street. Its interior arrangements are well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. It is estimated that the cost of the Corcoran Gallery, with the equipments contemplated, will be about $600,000, independent of the private collection of the donor, valued at over $100,000.

Many persons who love flowers are unsuccessful in the culture of house-plants, and regret the lack of bright blossoms during the long winter. Hyacinths prove a consolation to such, as they require little care or skill in their management. An exchange suggests a new method for growing hyacinths which seems as if it might be worth trying. The bulbs are bedded in deep incisions made in large sponges, the latter closed over and around the bulbs, and then placed in appropriately shaped vases. Water moderately warmed is poured into the vase until it reaches about midway the height of the sponge. The bulbs will sprout in two or three days, and continue to thrive until the flowers come out, which are said to be unusually large in size and of perfect form. The sponge may be hidden after the first week or two by sowing rape-seed upon it, the resultant growth completely covering it with moss-like vegetation.

Galignani's Messenger is a journal not only highly valued by every traveler on the Continent, but fully appreciated in this country. It was first issued in 1814, and has been conducted with signal ability. More recently it has been under the charge of Messrs. Anthony and William Galignani, sons of the founder. The elder, Anthony, died a short time since at the age of seventy-seven. Both brothers used their large fortune with great benevolence, building hospitals, and contributing largely to objects of charity.

Story of a brave boy. A freight train, within two miles of Watertown, Wisconsin, had just entered upon a long stretch of down grade which extended into the city, when the coupling gave way, and twelve cars were left behind without a brakeman. The cut-off portion of the train soon began to proceed with fearful rapidity, and the engineer put on steam to get out of the way. As the wild cars came up to the station a little boy named Willie Hill, seeing the danger, caught the step of one of the cars as they were passing, and succeeded in holding on, got upon the top of the cars and applied several brakes, and stopped the train before any damage was done. The superintendent sent the brave little fellow forty-five dollars (a brakeman's pay for a month), and thanked him in the name of the company for his act.

People are generally unwilling to learn any useful lessons from the experiences of others—they choose to learn from their own. It would seem that the recent terrible mistake by which a man in this city shot his own wife carries a double lesson—care in playing practical jokes, as well as in the use of fire-arms. The wife, returning home sooner than she anticipated, after a few days' absence, attempts at nine o'clock in the evening to surprise her husband by entering the house through the cellar. The husband hears a strange noise, and thinks only of burglars. He arms himself with a revolver, thinks he sees a form in the gloom, and excitedly fires. The deadly ball does its fatal work, and his wife falls lifeless.

Great excitement has been felt in Tabriz in consequence of the recent execution of Mirza Yussuf Khan, one of the ablest and most popular of the statesmen of Persia. Yussuf was educated in Europe at the expense of the Shah, and he arranged a code of laws for Persia, embodying in it such extracts from foreign law-books as seemed adapted to his own country. This code was submitted to the Shah about the time the famine broke out in Persia, but the time was not favorable to reforms. The Shah commissioned Yussuf to go to Astrakhan to purchase provisions for his starving subjects, at the same time supplying him with a considerable sum of money out of the public treasury for that purpose. Yussuf went to Astrakhan, but he only spent a portion of the sum intrusted to him in the purchase of provisions, and kept 16,000 tomanns for himself, thereby causing the death of thousands of people whom the money might have provided with food. When the Shah returned from his recent European tour he ordered an immediate investigation to be made into Yussuf's conduct, and his guilt having been proved, he was sentenced to death.

Some months ago there was a meeting in New York of persons bearing the name of Webber, or Weber, who believed they might be the descendants of one Wolfert Webber, who died in Holland about two centuries ago. It was said that he had left a large inheritance—now amounting to about $60,000,000—to be divided among his heirs after the lapse of two hundred years, and that this sum was left in trust to the government of Holland. From information obtained from the minister of Holland it now appears that long ago the whole inheritance of the Mr. Webber in question was legally divided, and finally settled in 1711. Nothing can be definitely learned about any other of the name of Webber. But by the laws of Holland all inheritances are forfeited if not claimed within thirty years.

Several managers, among whom are M. Strakosch and M. Merelli, have taken charge of the opera-houses of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and of some in Paris, in a sort of musical partnership. The chief object of this combination is to break down the high scale of prices now demanded by "stars." While skillful performances in every department of labor or art are worthy of and should receive ample remuneration, it is to be regretted that good opera music cannot be given to the public at a less exorbitant price than is now demanded.

Mr. Bessemer's "ocean cradle," designed to make seasickness impossible, is progressing toward completion at Hull, England. The most characteristic feature of the steamer is her saloon, which will be seventy feet long and thirty feet wide, and suspended upon massive pivots at the centre and at the extremities. Thus supported, it will be brought under the control of powerful hydraulic gear, worked by the principal boilers of the ship. This gear will be so arranged that it is expected a man will be able to impart to the saloon a rolling motion in relation to the ship precisely the reverse of that which the ship herself receives.

Statistics given by the London *Medical Record* show that during the year 1873 there were 483,295 cases of cholera in Hungary, and that of this number 247,718 persons recovered, 182,549 are dead, and 2978 remain under treatment. Croatia and Sclavonia, the ancient military boundaries, are not included in these lists, nor are the victims whom cholera carried off when it broke out in 1872 in Buda and Upper Hungary. The population of the countries of the crown of St. Stephen amount to 16,000,000, and since it is estimated that altogether they have lost this year 200,000 souls by cholera, it follows that one in thirty of the inhabitants has fallen beneath this terrible scourge.

The ice harvest rarely fails in Maine—in fact, it is more certain than a harvest of corn, potatoes, or grass. The cost of gathering and storing it there is comparatively small, and the market for it is constantly growing larger. Experience and skill are needed in this business as in all others, but it is so simple that many might venture into it with reasonable belief that it might prove profitable. There is no danger that the ice mines of Maine will become exhausted.

The following incident is related by an exchange as having occurred at an American hotel:

"Are you through?" asked a gentleman of an Englishman who was sitting at table.

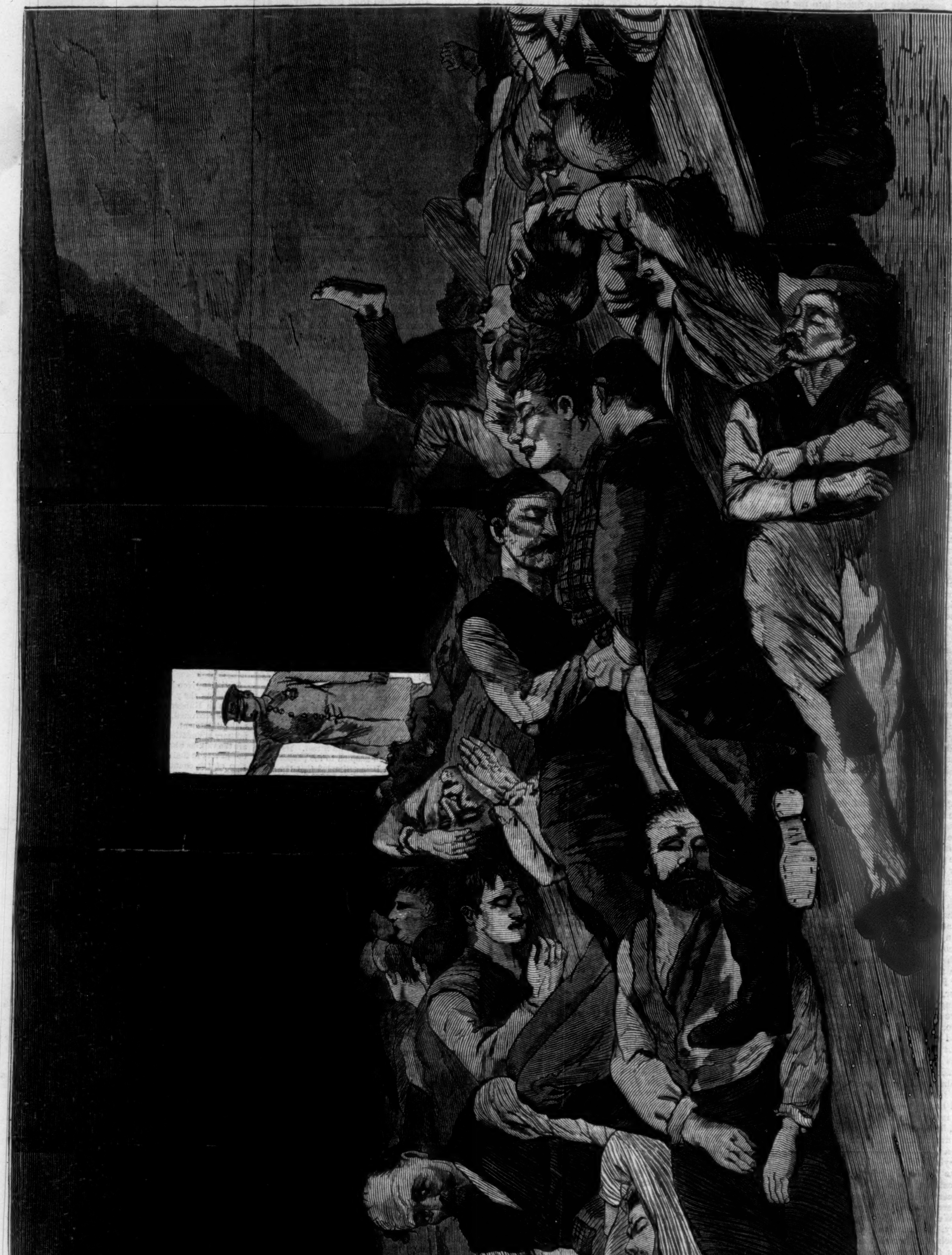
"Through!" exclaimed the Englishman, staring around, above, and below—"through! through what?"

"Through dinner," was the response.

A puzzled and then an amused expression broke over the ruddy Englishman's face as he intimated that he had finished his dinner, but never supposed he had gone through it!

The prairies of Kansas abound in herds of wild horses of all sizes and colors, the wildest of all wild animals. Many domesticated horses and mules, which have strayed away from their owners, have joined these wild ones, and soon become as untamed as their companions. All efforts made to catch them prove fruitless, and settlers would rejoice at the speedy extinction of these wild creatures, that seem to entice away sober-minded horses. Between wild horses and a regularly organized gang of horse-thieves the settlers lose much of their stock.

The oldest member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council is Lord St. Leonards, aged ninety-three; the youngest, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, aged twenty-four. The oldest duke is the Duke of Leinster, aged eighty-three; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged twenty-seven. The oldest marquis is aged eighty-seven; the youngest, aged two. The oldest earl is aged eighty-eight; the youngest, aged fourteen. The oldest viscount is aged eighty-eight, and the youngest eleven. The oldest baron is ninety-three, and the youngest seven. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Mr. William Hodgson Barrow, aged ninety; the youngest is the Hon. Charles French, aged twenty-two. The oldest judge in England is the Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged seventy-eight; the youngest, the Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, aged fifty. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is seventy-seven years of age, and the youngest forty-four. The oldest baronet is aged ninety-two, and the youngest is five years old.



STATION-HOUSE LODGERS.—From a Drawing by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 133.]

RESCUE OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

A few weeks since a very heavy gale from the eastward blew at Portland, England, and sent the Channel waves dashing their spray to astonishing heights over the Breakwater, and enshrouding the great fort at the end in clouds of foam. About half past four in the morning a fine brig was discovered to be in distress off Balaklava Cove. The coast-guard hastened to the spot with the rocket apparatus, but the brig was too far off, and the surf too rough, for any assistance to be rendered. About half past eight she slipped her anchors and drove ashore. The crew tried to launch their boat, but, fortunately for them, it stove in, for it would inevitably have been swamped or dashed to pieces on the rocks. Several rockets were then sent toward the vessel, and at length one flew well between the masts, setting the rigging on fire. Fortunately this fire did no mischief. The crew did not seem to understand the use of rockets, and one man was about to leap overboard with the line, but was dissuaded by signs from making such an attempt. The vessel was a Spanish brig, the *Cuamano*, bound from Cuba to London, with sugar and mahogany, and the crew could speak no English. At last they were induced by signs to make fast a rocket line, and soon the cradle was rove on the whip and sent on board. The crew now discovered its use: a person quickly got in the cradle, and willing hands soon had every living creature on board (including two pigs) safely ashore, a dog excepted, which could not be induced to leave the ship.

RESCUING THE CREW OF A WRECK WITH THE ROCKET APPARATUS OFF PORTLAND, ENGLAND.

STATION-HOUSE LODGERS.

It is a little past midnight when the sergeant on duty throws open the door of the large hall in the basement of the Seventeenth Precinct Station-house, and we step on the stone flagging where some fifty men are lying. Behind us is a grated doorway opening upon a corridor, and there half a dozen women sit crouching about an immense stove, red from the seething heat. Around us, as shown in the sketch on page 132, in almost inextricable confusion, are stretched the sleepers, and here and there a wakeful or restless one turns and looks toward us for a moment. They lie mostly with their heads resting upon low rude benches, and from their garments and their persons comes an offensive odor. There is a Babel-like confusion of snoring, and now and then a young man at the edge of the throng starts nervously and sighs, and an old man near the centre moves his hands tremulously about his face and groans in his sleep. Between this man so near us, and, as it were, just entering upon a career with which prison life and prison scenes will have more and more to do as he advances, and the poor wreck going to pieces over there, we see the shadow of New York—the shadow of a city where misrule and riotous influences have done their work; where one hundred thousand human beings, men, women, and children, are sent to the penitentiary, the asylums, the almshouse, the hospitals, and the prisons in a single year! One hundred and thirty thousand persons who have been convicted criminals living at large in our midst!

These men at our feet are "only lodgers."

There are fifty-one of them, whose names will on the morrow swell the list of 935 who that night sought the shelter of the station-houses. Looking at these poor crouching forms, columns of well-remembered figures assume a strange vitality, and go dancing around before our eyes, and seem to beckon us farther into the shadow. One column sums up in red numerals 1321 deaths from violence in the city of New York in a single year. The skeleton of the old year stands behind these men, and points with a ghastly leer at 101 suicides and fifty homicides, including two men killed on the scaffold in the year of our Lord 1873. These are the facts and figures that are constantly arising, like a ghostly exhalation, from from what we are pleased to call "the lower strata of the city." Is it to be wondered at that the metropolis can swallow up so many lives pouring in each year from the country?

The island of Manhattan contains sixteen and three-fourths square miles of land, 10,722 acres, with a population, according to the census of 1870, of 952,000. This gives an average of fifty-five square yards of space to each person. Yet 468,492 human beings are crowded into 14,872 tenements, or more than an average of thirty-one persons to each house. The rooms are necessarily small, often without windows, and the great majority of the sleeping apartments have, as their only means of ventilation, a narrow transverse opening into the close common room where the cooking is done. Yet the inmates of these poor abodes are comparatively happy and comfortable, for there are still people wandering in the streets, with no roof, however humble, to shelter them from the drenching rain, the biting frost, or the falling snow.

While eleven thousand six hundred and sixty homeless boys have been provided with lodgings and meals by the Children's Aid Society alone in a single year, there have been thousands of boys and adult men left to sleep in hallways, in empty carts and wagons, in the corners of areas, in the hay barges at the docks, and in the open boats and upon sunken cribs under the wharves and piers.

All America has heard of the little boy, a street musician, who, like "petit Gervais," came from Savoy, and was found lying dead beside his harp on the steps of a Fifth Avenue mansion. It was said he died from "nostalgia"—longing for home. This may have been true; but there are scores of his kind drooping away and dying weekly from an unsatisfied longing for food and shelter. Death from hunger, the wasting away of the flesh, "made light and thin by heavy-handed fate," is more common in this city of New York than one would think—only the reader of the daily paper is not so shocked by its mention in the columns of reports from the Bureau of Vital Statistics under the form of "deaths from marasmus." The deaths from "marasmus" during the year 1873 were over 900 in number. If we add to this the fact that 3000 infants are annually abandoned, sent to the public hospitals, left in the public streets, or placed in the hands of those who "keep them till *death*" for a small sum, while 113 more were found during the past year dead and lying in ash-barrels, in vacant lots, in areas, in the streets and rivers, we may get some idea of the terrors of life among the very poor in New York city. We may understand better why, when bright eyes are glancing merrily at the falling snow, and bright little feet are gliding over the ice in the Park, muttered prayers and bitter curses go up from cellars and garrets, while wan hands, bony hands, and little hands quiver about the embers of a dying fire. On such nights the "lodgers" throng the entrance to the station-houses from dusk till midnight, and when unable to gain admission to one, wander away to another, often faltering, often falling, often freezing. Sometimes they feel the snow-blight falling upon them, and they wander till they fall in the dark waters of the river, from whence in good time they are conveyed to a slab at the Morgue, and thence in a rough box to the Potter's Field. The snow that brings joy with its pure soft flakes in the country carries death on its wings to the dark quarters of the city. We were thinking then it might be the harbinger of an opening spring-time for these poor souls in some far-off land where poverty would lose its sting, when we were interrupted by the door-man.

"Get out of this!" he cried, roughly, to the sleepers; "stir lively now!" Then he turned apologetically, saying, "It is half past five." As they passed, still half asleep, through the corridor, they were roughly pushed and shoved about, and those at the head of the column were made to carry out and empty the ash tanks. That finished, they disappeared in the fog and gloom of the early morning, and the Croton was turned on in their late sleeping-place, while the women lodgers entered it with scrubbing-brushes and brooms.

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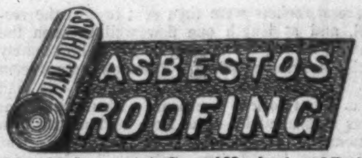

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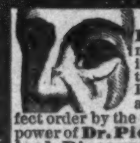

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The February Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is unusually varied and entertaining in its contents, with over Eighty Illustrations. CHARLES NORDHOFF contributes a very interesting illustrated paper on "The Columbia River and Puget Sound." The Number opens with a beautifully illustrated poem, "Legend of the Cascades," which gives a rendering of a remarkable Indian tradition connected with the Columbia River. WM. C. PRIME contributes some very interesting "Notes on Pottery and Porcelain," accompanied by Thirty-three Engravings. EUGENE LAWRENCE treats in his dramatic style of "City Road Chapel"—the shrine of English Methodism; and in another illustrated article some very interesting views are sketched with pen and pencil of the social life and historical monuments of Farther India.

The two Serial Novels, "My Mother and I," by Miss MULOCK, and "The Living Link," by Prof. DE MILLE—both beautifully illustrated—are continued; and two short stories are contributed by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and EMILY E. FORD.

EDWIN DE LEON continues his series of papers on "The New South," dealing in this Number with the remarkable progress recently made in Southern manufacturing, lumbering, and mining industries. Two important Maps are given, showing the great lumbering and mining districts of the Southwest.

In an article on "Holland House," EUGENE LAWRENCE gives a remarkable chapter of historical reminiscence and anecdote.

WALT WHITMAN contributes a very characteristic poem, entitled "Song of the Redwood-Tree."

The "Easy Chair" discusses Tweed's fate and the question of co-education, and gives some very entertaining gossip of the lyceum green-room. The "Scientific Record" is a complete summary of recent progress in science and the arts; and the other editorial departments are full of entertainment and instruction—including a very amusing "Drawer," with numerous illustrations.

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"AN APPEAL TO THE CADI."—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. HODGSON IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.]

TATTOOING.

COOK, in his second voyage, visited the Isle of Amsterdam, where he found the men tattooed from the hip to the middle of the thigh; but the women had these adornments on the arms and fingers, and only in a slight degree. Many women in other South Sea islands were tattooed in the form of a Z on every joint of their fingers and toes, and frequently on the outside of the feet. Other devices were squares, crescents, circles, men, dogs, birds, etc. Some of the old men had the greater part of their bodies covered with large patches of black, deeply indented at the edges, like a rude imitation of flame. In the Caroline Isles tattooing was regarded as a religious ceremony, to be performed under favorable auspices. The officiating priest invoked a blessing from the gods on the family of the patient. If a gentle breeze arose it was accepted as the approving voice of the gods, and the operation proceeded; if not, it was suspended; for any tattooing under the anger of the gods would have led to the submerging of the islands by a raging storm.

New Zealand is the country of which we have most knowledge in regard to the practice of tattooing, owing to the number of travelers who have described it. John Rutherford, a seaman engaged on a South Sea voyage, was captured on the most northern of the islands in 1816, and kept prisoner by the natives for several years. They treated him kindly, on the whole, and conferred on him the honor of tattooing, which ceremony he described in the published record of his adventures. Laid on his back amidst a group of natives, he underwent the ordeal on his body, arms, and face. Several tools were employed, some with teeth and some without, varied in size and shape to fit different parts. The operation lasted four hours, during which the chief's daughters wiped the blood from his face with a bunch of dried flax. Then they washed him at a neighboring stream, dried him before a fire, and gave him his garments, except his shirt, which one of the ladies put on her own person, wearing it hindside before. So severe had been the scarifying that he lost his sight for three days, and did not fully recover for six weeks.

"AN APPEAL TO THE CADI."

IN Mohammedan countries, law and religion being both founded on the Koran, the priesthood and officers of the law form a single order. The judge of a city or province is styled a mollah, while the inferior magistrate of a town or village, who holds a position something like that of a justice of the peace with us, is styled a cadi, from the Arabian *kadai*, to judge. His office is by no means a sinecure. He is compelled to sit in some public place, generally in or near the market, and listen all day to the interminable petty squabbles which arise among buyers and customers, and judge all sorts of criminals and grades of crime. The cadi plays an important part in the *Arabian Nights*, and his functions at the present day do not essentially differ from what they were in the time of those delightful romances.

Our illustration, engraved from a picture in the Dudley Gallery, London, is a skillfully conceived and vigorously executed study of Oriental character. The unfortunate magistrate, whom generally we are apt to associate with all that is swift and terrible in the execution of justice in the East, is here depicted from a ludicrous point of view. Seated on an inconveniently low bench, which leaves him completely at the mercy of the two brazen-tongued litigants who are standing before him, he is deafened by the shouts and vociferations of the plaintiff and defendant without any possibility of escape. The difference of character is well marked. The cadi is evidently a placid and easy-going old gentleman, who would like to have every thing go smoothly and pleasantly. The man with the arm upraised is evidently much the louder talker of the two, but his adversary is probably a still more unwelcome pleader, for he looks as if he could go on arguing for weeks without being exhausted.

THE MOONBEAM'S MESSAGE.

UNTO my window lattice
A pleasant moonbeam came;
It roused me from my slumber,
And gently spoke my name.

"I fell on your lover's pillow
In the stillness of the night,
And woke him from his dreaming,
Though my touch was soft and light.

"I lighted on his forehead,
I touched his golden hair,
Till he reached his arms before him
To clasp the empty air.

"Then he oped his eyes with wonder,
And cried, 'O silver moon,
As thou pitiest lonely mortals,
Grant me one little boon!

"'Over the hills and the valleys,
Down to the southern sea,
Take this word to my darling
As she sleeps and dreams of me:

"'There's a hope that holds all sweetness,
A waiting with gladness rife,
A faith all time defying,
And a love more strong than life.

"'This hope, this faith, this waiting,
This loving, are all my own;
The days and nights of thy absence
Are filled with these alone!

"'By the sun-kissed seas that part us,
By the weary stretch of lands,
By our last fond kiss of parting,
By our farewell clasp of hands—

"'When the heavens fall from o'er us,
When the stars grow dim for aye,
When the sun withdraws its shining,
And brings no more the day—

"'*Then* shall our love but stronger,
Purer, and truer be,
As hand in hand we enter
Our love's eternity!'"

So over the hills and the valleys,
Down to the southern sea,
The moonbeam sought my window,
And brought this word to me.

It was only a ray of moonlight
That has shone across my bed;
But the silvery voice of the moonbeam
My heart has comforted!

(Continued from No. 892, page 120.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER X.

"M. RAMEAU," said De Mauléon, when the two men had reseated themselves in the *salon*, "I will honestly say that my desire is to rid myself as soon as I can of the trust of guardian to this young lady. Playing as I do with fortune, my only stake against her favors is my life. I feel as if it were my duty to see that mademoiselle is not left alone and friendless in the world at my decease. I have in my mind for her a husband that I think in every way suitable: a handsome and brave young fellow in my battalion, of respectable birth, without any living relations to consult as to his choice. I have reason to believe that if Julie married him, she need never fear a reproach as to her antecedents. Her *dot* would suffice to enable him to realize his own wish of a country town in Normandy. And in that station, Paris and its temptations would soon pass from the poor child's thoughts, as an evil dream. But I can not dispose of her hand without her own consent; and if she is to be reasoned out of her fancy for you, I have no time to devote to the task. I come to the point. You are not the man I would choose for her husband. But, evidently, you are the man she would choose. Are you disposed to marry her? You hesitate, very naturally; I have no right to demand an immediate answer to a question so serious. Perhaps you will think over it, and let me know in a day or two? I take it for granted that if you were, as I heard, engaged before the siege to marry the Signora Cicogna, that engagement is annulled?"

"Why take it for granted?" asked Gustave, perplexed.

"Simply because I find you here. Nay, spare explanations and excuses. I quite understand that you were invited to come. But a man solemnly betrothed to a *demoiselle* like the Signora Cicogna, in a time of such dire calamity and peril, could scarcely allow himself to be tempted to accept the invitation of one so beautiful, and so warmly attached to him, as is Mademoiselle Julie, and, on witnessing the passionate strength of that attachment, say that he can not keep a promise not to repeat his visits. But if I mistake, and you are still betrothed to the signorina, of course all discussion is at an end."

Gustave hung his head in some shame, and in much bewildered doubt.

The practiced observer of men's characters, and of shifting phases of mind, glanced at the poor poet's perturbed countenance with a half-smile of disdain.

"It is for you to judge how far the very love to you so ingenuously evinced by my ward—how far the reasons against marriage with one whose antecedents expose her to reproach—should influence one of your advanced opinions upon social ties. Such reasons do not appear to have with artists the same weight they have with the *bourgeoisie*. I have but to add that the husband of Julie will receive with her hand a *dot* of nearly 120,000 francs; and I have reason to believe that that fortune will be increased—how much, I can not guess—when the cessation of the siege will allow communication with England. One word more. I should wish to rank the husband of my ward in the number of my friends. If he did not oppose the political opinions with which I identify my own career, I should be pleased to make any rise in the world achieved by me assist to the raising of himself. But my opinions, as during the time we were brought together you were made aware, are those of a practical man of the world, and have nothing in common with Communists, Socialists, Internationalists, or whatever sect would place the aged societies of Europe in Medea's caldron of youth. At a moment like the present, fanatics and dreamers so abound that the number of such sinners will necessitate a general amnesty when order is restored. What a poet so young as you may have written or said at such a time will be readily forgotten and forgiven a year or two hence, provided he does not put his notions into violent action. But if you choose to persevere in the views you now advocate, so be it. They will not make poor Julie less a believer in your wisdom and genius. Only they will separate you from me, and a day may come when I should have the painful duty of ordering you to be shot—*Dii meliora*. Think over all I have thus frankly said. Give me your answer within forty-eight hours, and meanwhile hold no communication with my ward. I have the honor to wish you good-day."

CHAPTER XI.

THE short grim day was closing when Gustave, quitting Julie's apartment, again found himself in the streets. His thoughts were troubled and confused. He was the more affected by Julie's impassioned love for him by the contrast with Isaura's words and manner in their recent interview. His own ancient fancy for the "Ondine of Paris" became revived by the difficulties between their ancient intercourse which her unexpected scruples and De Mauléon's guardianship interposed. A witty writer thus defines *une passion*, "*une caprice inflammé par des obstacles.*" In the ordinary times of peace, Gustave, handsome, aspiring to reputable position in the *beau monde*, would not have admitted any considerations to compromise his station by marriage with a *figurante*. But now the wild political doctrines he had embraced separated his ambition from that *beau monde*, and combined it with ascendency over the revolutionists of the populace—a direction which he must abandon if he continued his suit to Isaura. Then, too, the immediate possession of Julie's *dot* was not without temptation to a man who was so fond of his personal comforts, and who did not see where to turn for a dinner, if, obedient to Isaura's "prejudices," he abandoned his profits as a writer in the revolutionary press. The inducements for withdrawal from the cause he had espoused, held out to him with so haughty a coldness by De Mauléon, were not wholly without force, though they irritated his self-esteem. He was dimly aware of the Vicomte's masculine talents for public life; and the high reputation he had already acquired among military authorities, and even among experienced and thoughtful civilians, had weight upon Gustave's impressionable temperament. But though De Mauléon's implied advice here coincided in much with the tacit compact he had made with Isaura, it alienated him more from Isaura herself, for Isaura did not bring to him the fortune which would enable him to suspend his lucubrations, watch the turn of events, and live at ease in the mean while; and the *dot* to be received with De Mauléon's ward had those advantages.

While thus meditating, Gustave turned into one of the *cantines* still open, to brighten his intellect with a *petit verre*, and there he found the two colleagues in the extinct Council of Ten, Paul Grimm and Edgar Ferrier. With the last of these revolutionists Gustave had become intimately *lié*. They wrote in the same journal, and he willingly accepted a distraction from his self-conflict which Edgar offered him in a dinner at the Café Riche, which still offered its hospitalities at no exorbitant price. At this repast, as the drink circulated, Gustave waxed confidential. He longed, poor youth, for an adviser. Could he marry a girl who had been a ballet dancer, and who had come into an unexpected heritage? "*Est tu fou d'en douter?*" cried Edgar. "What a sublime occasion to manifest thy scorn of the miserable *banalités* of the *bourgeoisie!* It will but increase thy moral power over the people. And then think of the money. What an aid to the cause! What a capital for the launch!—journal all thine own! Besides, when our principles triumph—as triumph they must—what would be marriage but a brief and futile ceremony, to be broken the moment thou hast cause to complain of thy wife or chafe at the bond? Only get the *dot* into thine own hands. *L'amour passe—reste la cassette.*"

Though there was enough of good in the son of Madame Rameau to revolt at the precise words in which the counsel was given, still, as the fumes of the punch yet more addled his brains, the counsel itself was acceptable; and in that sort of maddened fury which intoxication produces in some excitable temperaments, as Gustave reeled home that night leaning on the arm of stouter Edgar Ferrier, he insisted on going out of his way to pass the house in which Isaura lived, and, pausing under her window, gasped out some verses of a wild song, then much in vogue among the votaries of Felix Pyat, in which every thing that existent society deems sacred was reviled in the grossest ribaldry. Happily Isaura's ear heard it not. The girl was kneeling by her bedside absorbed in prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE days after the evening thus spent by Gustave Rameau, Isaura was startled by a visit from M. de Mauléon. She had not seen him since the commencement of the siege, and she did not recognize him at first glance in his military uniform.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion, mademoiselle," he said, in the low sweet voice habitual to him in his gentler moods, "but I thought it became me to announce to you the decease of one who, I fear, did not discharge with much kindness the duties her connection with you imposed. Your father's second wife, afterward Madame Selby, is no more. She died some days since in a convent to which she had retired."

Isaura had no cause to mourn the dead, but she felt a shock in the suddenness of this information; and in that sweet spirit of womanly compassion which entered so largely into her character, and made a part of her genius itself, she murmured tearfully, "The poor signora! Why could I not have been with her in illness? She might then have learned to love me. And she died in a convent, you say. Ah, her religion was then sincere! Her end was peaceful?"

"Let us not doubt that, mademoiselle. Certainly she lived to regret any former errors, and her last thought was directed toward such atonement as might be in her power. And it is that desire of atonement which now strangely mixes me up, mademoiselle, in your destinies. In that desire for atonement, she left to my charge, as a kinsman, distant indeed, but still, perhaps, the nearest with whom she was personally acquainted—a young ward. In accepting that trust, I find myself strangely compelled to hazard the risk of offending you."

"Offending me? How? Pray speak openly."

"In so doing, I must utter the name of Gustave Rameau."

Isaura turned pale and recoiled, but she did not speak.

"Did he inform me rightly that, in the last interview with him three days ago, you expressed a strong desire that the engagement between him and yourself should cease; and that you only, and with reluctance, suspended your rejection of the suit he had pressed on you, in consequence of his entreaties, and of certain assurances as to the changed direction of the talents of which we will assume that he is possessed?"

"Well, well, monsieur," exclaimed Isaura, her whole face brightening; "and you come on the part of Gustave Rameau to say that on reflection he does not hold me to our engagement—that in honor and in conscience I am free?"

"I see," answered De Mauléon, smiling, "that I am pardoned already. It would not pain you if such were my instructions in the embassy I undertake?"

"Pain me? No. But—"

"But what?"

"Must he persist in a course which will break his mother's heart, and make his father deplore the hour that he was born? Have you influence over him, M. De Mauléon? If so, will you not exert it for his good?"

"You interest yourself still in his fate, mademoiselle?"

"How can I do otherwise? Did I not consent to share it when my heart shrank from the thought of our union? And now when, if I understand you rightly, I am free, I can not but think of what was best in him."

"Alas! mademoiselle, he is but one of many—a spoiled child of that Circe, imperial Paris. Every where I look around I see but corruption. It was hidden by the halo which corruption itself engenders. The halo is gone, the corruption is visible. Where is the old French manhood? Banished from the heart, it comes out only at the tongue. Were our deeds like our words, Prussia would beg on her knee to be a province of France. Gustave is the fit poet for this generation. Vanity—desire to be known for something, no matter what, no matter by whom—that is the Parisian's leading motive power; orator, soldier, poet, all alike. Utterers of fine phrases; despising knowledge and toil and discipline; railing against the Germans as barbarians, against their generals as traitors; against God for not taking their part. What can be done to weld this mass of hollow bubbles into the solid form of a nation—the nation it affects to be? What generation can be born out of the unmanly race, inebriate with brag and absinthe? Forgive me this tirade; I have been reviewing the battalion I command. As for Gustave Rameau, if we survive the siege, and see once more a government that can enforce order, and a public that will refuse renown for balderdash, I should not be surprised if Gustave Rameau were among the prettiest imitators of Lamartine's early *Meditations*. Had he been born under Louis XIV., how loyal he would have been! What sacred tragedies in the style of *Athalie* he would have written, in the hope of an audience at Versailles! But I detain you from the letter I was charged to deliver to you. I have done so purposely, that I might convince myself that you welcome that release which your too delicate sense of honor shrank too long from demanding."

Here he took forth and placed a letter in Isaura's hand; and, as if to allow her to read it unobserved, retired to the window recess.

Isaura glanced over the letter. It ran thus:

"I feel that it was only to your compassion that I owed your consent to my suit. Could I have doubted that before, your words when we last met sufficed to convince me. In my selfish pain at the moment, I committed a great wrong. I would have held you bound to a promise from which you desired to be free. Grant me pardon for that, and for all the faults by which I have offended you. In canceling our engagement, let me hope that I may rejoice in your friendship, your remembrance of me, some gentle and kindly thought. My life may henceforth pass out of contact with yours; but you will ever dwell in my heart, an image pure and holy as the saints in whom you may well believe—they are of your own kindred."

"May I convey to Gustave Rameau any verbal reply to his letter?" asked De Mauléon, turning as she replaced the letter on the table.

"Only my wishes for his welfare. It might wound him if I added, my gratitude for the generous manner in which he has interpreted my heart, and acceded to its desire."

"Mademoiselle, accept my congratulations. My condolences are for the poor girl left to my guardianship. Unhappily she loves this man; and there are reasons why I can not withhold my consent to her union with him, should he demand it, now that, in the letter remitted to you, he has accepted your dismissal. If I can keep him out of all the follies and all the evils into which he suffers his vanity to mislead his reason, I will do so; would I might say, only in compliance with your compassionate injunctions. But henceforth the infatuation of my ward compels me to take some interest in his career. Adieu, mademoiselle! I have no fear for your happiness now."

Left alone, Isaura stood as one transfigured. All the bloom of her youth seemed suddenly restored. Round her red lips the dimples opened, countless mirrors of one happy smile. "I am free, I am free," she murmured; "joy, joy!" and she passed from the room to seek the Venosta, singing clear, singing loud, as a bird that escapes from the cage and warbles to the heaven it regains the blissful tale of its release.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN proportion to the nearer roar of the besiegers' cannon, and the sharper gripe of famine within the walls, the Parisians seemed to increase their scorn for the skill of the enemy, and their faith in the sanctity of the capital. All false news was believed as truth; all truthful news abhorred as falsehood. Listen to the groups round the *cafés*. "The Prussian funds have fallen three per cent. at Berlin," says a threadbare ghost of the Bourse (he had been a clerk of Louvier's). "Ay," cries a National Guard, "read extracts from *La Liberté*. The barbarians are in despair. Nancy is threatened, Belford freed. Bourbaki is invading Baden. Our fleets are pointing their cannon upon Hamburg. Their country endangered, their retreat cut off, the sole hope of Bismarck and his trembling legions is to find a refuge in Paris. The increasing fury of the bombardment is a proof of their despair."

"In that case," whispered Savarin to De Brézé, "suppose we send a flag of truce to Versailles with a message from Trochu that, on disgorging their conquests, ceding the left bank of Rhine, and paying the expenses of the war, Paris, ever magnanimous to the vanquished, will allow the Prussians to retire."

"The Prussians! Retire!" cried Edgar Ferrier, catching the last word and glancing fiercely at Savarin. "What Prussian spy have we among us? Not one of the barbarians shall escape. We have but to dismiss the traitors who have usurped the government, proclaim the Commune and the rights of labor, and we give birth to a Hercules that even in its cradle can strangle the vipers."

Edgar Ferrier was the sole member of his political party among the group which he thus addressed; but such was the terror which the Communists already began to inspire among the *bourgeoisie* that no one volunteered a reply. Savarin linked his arm in De Brézé's, and prudently drew him off.

"I suspect," said the former, "that we shall soon have worse calamities to endure than the Prussian *obus* and the black loaf. The Communists will have their day."

"I shall be in my grave before then," said De Brézé, in hollow accents. "It is twenty-four hours since I spent my last fifty sous on the purchase of a rat, and I burned the legs of my bedstead for the fuel by which that quadruped was roasted."

"*Entre nous*, my poor friend, I am much in the same condition," said Savarin, with a ghastly attempt at his old pleasant laugh. "See how I am shrunken! My wife would be unfaithful to the Savarin of her dreams if she accepted a kiss from the slender gallant you behold in me. But I thought you were in the National Guard, and therefore had not to vanish into air."

"I was a National Guard, but I could not stand the hardships; and being above the age, I obtained my exemption. As to pay, I was then too proud to claim my wage of one franc twenty-five centimes. I should not be too proud now. Ah, blessed be Heaven! here comes Lemercier; he owes me a dinner—he shall pay it. *Bonjour*, my dear Frederic! How handsome you look in your *kepi*. Your uniform is brilliantly fresh from the soil of powder. What a contrast to the tatterdemalions of the Line!"

"I fear," said Lemercier, ruefully, "that my costume will not look so well a day or two hence. I have just had news that will no doubt seem very glorious—in the newspapers. But then newspapers are not subjected to cannon-balls."

"What do you mean?" answered De Brézé.

"I met, as I emerged from my apartment a few minutes ago, that fire-eater, Victor de Mauléon, who always contrives to know what passes at head-quarters. He told me that preparations are being made for a great sortie. Most probably the announcement will appear in a proclamation to-morrow, and our troops march forth to-

morrow night. The National Guard (fools and asses who have been yelling out for decisive action) are to have their wish, and to be placed in the van of battle—among the foremost the battalion in which I am enrolled. Should this be our last meeting on earth, say that Frederic Lemercier has finished his part in life with *éclat*."

"Gallant friend," said De Brézé, feebly seizing him by the arm, "if it be true that thy mortal career is menaced, die as thou hast lived. An honest man leaves no debt unpaid. Thou owest me a dinner."

"Alas! ask of me what is possible. I will give thee three, however, if I survive and regain my *rentes*. But to-day I have not even a mouse to share with Fox."

"Fox lives, then?" cried De Brézé, with sparkling, hungry eyes.

"Yes. At present he is making the experiment how long an animal can live without food."

"Have mercy upon him, poor beast! Terminate his pangs by a noble death. Let him save thy friends and thyself from starving. For myself alone I do not plead; I am but an amateur in polite literature. But Savarin, the illustrious Savarin—in criticism the French Longinus—in poetry the Parisian Horace—in social life the genius of gayety in pantaloons—contemplate his attenuated frame! Shall he perish for want of food while thou hast such superfluity in thy larder? I appeal to thy heart, thy conscience, thy patriotism. What in the eyes of France are a thousand Foxes compared to a single Savarin?"

"At this moment," sighed Savarin, "I could swallow any thing, however nauseous, even thy flattery, De Brézé. But, my friend Frederic, thou goest into battle—what will become of Fox if thou fall? Will he not be devoured by strangers? Surely it were a sweeter thought to his faithful heart to furnish a repast to thy friends?—his virtues acknowledged, his memory blessed!"

"Thou dost look very lean, my poor Savarin! And how hospitable thou wert when yet plump!" said Frederic, pathetically. "And certainly, if I live, Fox will starve; if I am slain, Fox will be eaten. Yet, poor Fox, dear Fox, who lay on my breast when I was frost-bitten! No; I have not the heart to order him to the spit for you. Urge it not."

"I will save thee that pang," cried De Brézé. "We are close by thy rooms. Excuse me for a moment. I will run in and instruct thy *bonne*."

So saying, he sprang forward with an elasticity of step which no one could have anticipated from his previous languor. Frederic would have followed, but Savarin clung to him, whimpering, "Stay; I shall fall like an empty sack, without the support of thine arm, young hero. Pooh! of course De Brézé is only joking—a pleasant joke. Hist! a secret: he has moneys, and means to give us once more a dinner at his own cost, pretending that we dine on thy dog. He was planning this when thou camest up. Let him have his joke, and we shall have a *festin de Balthazar*."

"Hein!" said Frederic, doubtfully; "thou art sure he has no designs upon Fox?"

"Certainly not, except in regaling us. Donkey is not bad, but it is fourteen francs a pound. A pullet is excellent, but it is thirty francs. Trust to De Brézé; we shall have donkey and pullet, and Fox shall feast upon the remains."

Before Frederic could reply, the two men were jostled and swept on by a sudden rush of a noisy crowd in their rear. They could but distinguish the words—Glorious news—victory—Faidherbe—Chanzy. But these words were sufficient to induce them to join willingly in the rush. They forgot their hunger; they forgot Fox. As they were hurried on, they learned that there was a report of a complete defeat of the Prussians by Faidherbe near Amiens—of a still more decided one on the Loire by Chanzy. These generals, with armies flushed with triumph, were pressing on toward Paris to accelerate the destruction of the hated Germans. How the report arose no one exactly knew. All believed it, and were making their way to the Hôtel de Ville to hear it formally confirmed.

Alas! before they got there they were met by another crowd returning, dejected but angry. No such news had reached the Government. Chanzy and Faidherbe were no doubt fighting bravely, with every probability of success, but—

The Parisian imagination required no more. "We should always be defeating the enemy," said Savarin, "if there were not always a *but*;" and his audience, who, had he so expressed himself ten minutes before, would have torn him to pieces, now applauded the epigram; and with execrations on Trochu, mingled with many a peal of painful sarcastic laughter, vociferated and dispersed.

As the two friends sauntered back toward the part of the Boulevards on which De Brézé had parted company with them, Savarin quitted Lemercier suddenly, and crossed the street to accost a small party of two ladies and two men who were on their way to the Madeleine. While he was exchanging a few words with them, a young couple, arm in arm, passed by Lemercier—the man in the uniform of the National Guard—uniform as unsullied as Frederic's, but with as little of a military air as can well be conceived. His gait was slouching; his head bent downward. He did not seem to listen to his companion, who was talking with quickness and vivacity, her fair face radiant with smiles. Lemercier looked after them as they passed by. "*Sur mon âme*," muttered Frederic to himself, "surely that is *la belle* Julie, and she has got back her truant poet at last!"

While Lemercier thus soliloquized, Gustave, still looking down, was led across the street by his fair companion, and into the midst of the little group with whom Savarin had paused to speak. Accidentally brushing against Savarin himself, he raised his eyes with a start, about to mutter some conventional apology, when Julie felt the arm on which she leaned tremble nervously. Before him stood Isaura, the Countess de Vandemar by her side; her two other companions, Raoul and the Abbé Vertpré, a step or two behind.

Gustave uncovered, bowed low, and stood mute and still for a moment, paralyzed by surprise and the chill of a painful shame.

Julie's watchful eyes, following his, fixed themselves on the same face. On the instant she divined the truth. She beheld her to whom she had owed months of jealous agony, and over whom, poor child, she thought she had achieved a triumph. But the girl's heart was so instinctively good that the sense of triumph was merged in a sense of compassion. Her rival had lost Gustave. To Julie the loss of Gustave was the loss of all that makes life worth having. On her part, Isaura was moved not only by the beauty of Julie's countenance, but still more by the childlike ingenuousness of its expression.

So, for the first time in their lives, met the child and the step-child of Louise Duval. Each so deserted, each so left alone and inexperienced amidst the perils of the world, with fates so different, typifying orders of Womanhood so opposed. Isaura was naturally the first to break the silence that weighed like a sensible load on all present.

She advanced toward Rameau, with sincere kindness in her look and tone.

"Accept my congratulations," she said, with a grave smile. "Your mother informed me last evening of your nuptials. Without doubt I see Madame Gustave Rameau;" and she extended her hand toward Julie. The poor Ondine shrank back for a moment, blushing up to her temples. It was the first hand which a woman of spotless character had extended to her since she had lost the protection of Madame Surville. She touched it timidly, humbly, then drew her bridegroom on; and with head more downcast than Gustave, passed through the group without a word.

She did not speak to Gustave till they were out of sight and hearing of those they had left. Then, pressing his arm passionately, she said, "And that is the *demoiselle* thou hast resigned for me! Do not deny it. I am so glad to have seen her; it has done me so much good. How it has deepened, purified my love for thee! I have but one return to make; but that is my whole life. Thou shalt never have cause to blame me—never—never!"

Savarin looked very grave and thoughtful when he rejoined Lemercier.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Frederic. "Surely that was Julie Caumartin leaning on Gustave Rameau's arm! And had he the assurance, so accompanied, to salute Madame De Vandemar, and Mademoiselle Cicogna, to whom I understood he was affianced? Nay, did I not see mademoiselle shake hands with the Ondine? or am I under one of the illusions which famine is said to engender in the brain?"

"I have not strength now to answer all these interrogatives. I have a story to tell; but I keep it for dinner. Let us hasten to thy apartment. De Brézé is doubtless there waiting us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Concluded from No. 892, page 117.)

THE TWO INQUESTS.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part II.

"A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE MY FACE: THE HAIR OF MY FLESH STOOD UP."

CHAPTER I.

DEEPENING SHADOWS.

As I draw near the crisis of my history I feel a growing repugnance to trace the opposing feelings which struggled for mastery within me. I shall confine myself to the facts, as they stand out clearly and forever in my memory. The voice which I had heard, and which was no dream utterance, had come to me at midnight on Friday, the 10th of December, and I knew with a certainty no human reasoning could have shaken that the spirit of Amy Connor and my husband were destined to meet again on the anniversary and at the hour of her death. Robert remained from home till late on the succeeding day, and I was thankful to be alone; for, strange to say, I had a deeper consciousness of a spiritual presence when he was within the house than during his absence. From the moment that I heard those accents of doom I was sure that there was an inevitable woe hanging over my husband's head. No human love or care could avert it, and I almost feared even to pray for him while he remained so obstinately silent as to this dark secret.

On his return home, then, it did not either surprise or pain me that he withdrew into the inner room, which had now become, in my mind, connected with the chain of circumstances leading on to the supreme event. But it was unusual, however, that he should order his dinner to be served alone; and Simon's gloomy face, as he told me of this arrangement, reminded me once more that this man too evidently knew much that had been studiously kept back from me. Deep silence seemed to reign over the house that night, unbroken and ominous, and I would have gladly escaped retiring to rest had it been possible, so much did I dread the solitude of my own room. As it grew later my nerves were more and more excited, and I started as the ashes fell from the fire or the branches of the rose-tree tapped against the window. It was nearly twelve o'clock when there came a rap at the door. I said, "Come in," in a hesitating voice, and Mrs. Judson's pale face presented itself.

"I hope, ma'am, you are not going to sit up and wait for master; when once he begins to write late at night I know he'll forget all about the hour; and you look ill and tired, and really, ma'am, you must take more care of yourself."

I felt grateful to her, for there was a feeling of security in her presence, and, indeed, I had always noticed from the very first a look of kindly interest in her eyes. I rose up, closed my book, of which I had read but little, and went up stairs to my room.

The woman closed the door after me carefully, and listened for a few seconds before she came up to the fire, near to which I had seated myself. All was silent, and as if re-assured, she said, "Has master told you that he shall be leaving Overton very soon?"

I said yes, and that I was very thankful for it.

"This house," she continued, "is not a fit place for a young wife, and I've seen you growing weaker and thinner every day, ma'am, and have felt for you; for no one can bear such loneliness without losing heart and spirit; and I wonder how I've managed to stand it like I have, though I have seen more of the troubles of this world than you have, and have no reason to look for any happiness now."

Her tone was bitter, but still there was a good deal of pity in her look, and it encouraged me to say,

"I wish you'd tell me more about Miss Connor."

The change I had noticed before when Amy Connor was mentioned again passed over her face.

"Not to-night," she said. "If I ever talk to you about her, it must be in the daytime, when the sun is shining. I couldn't bear it at night, and so near *her* room too." Then bending over me she said, in a whisper, "D'ye know that she must have hidden herself in this room on the night she killed herself?" I shuddered, and rose up with the wild intention of seeking Robert, and asking him to take me at once out of this haunted and miserable house; but Mrs. Judson laid her hand on my shoulder, and said, "Don't betray me, ma'am. You don't know what you might draw down on your head if you speak to Dr. Connor; and *you* have no cause for fear, ma'am; there are always angels round the innocent. You can lie down in peace; and if you feel afraid of being alone, I will sit by you quietly till Dr. Connor comes up; but I mustn't talk to you, ma'am—'tis bad for us both."

She turned away, and began to arrange the things on the dressing-table.

I went to bed with the somewhat childish idea of keeping her with me till the hour of one had passed, and accordingly lengthened out my preparations for the night as much as possible. As soon as I retired to bed Mrs. Judson took a book, and sat still as a statue, reading to herself. Tired of gazing at her, my eyelids involuntarily closed, and I fell asleep before the church clock had struck the first hour of morning. I do not know how long this first sleep lasted, but when I woke the room was perfectly dark. I extended my hand, and felt that the bed was still vacant. I struck a light hastily, and found to my surprise that it was five o'clock. Glad that morning was approaching, and with a relieved feeling that I had been left alone—for, as I have said before, I was more conscious of a mysterious dread when he was with me—I turned on my pillow and fell asleep again. This sort of day and night was repeated up to Thursday; I only saw my husband at intervals, and then but for a few minutes. His look was increasingly wild, and though his manner was quiet and his words tender and considerate, he was evidently under the pressure of strong mental agitation. Whenever he spoke to me, it was as if he had to call his thoughts from some subject that engrossed them, and at times I could see his lips move, though no words proceeded from his mouth. I made several attempts to remonstrate with him, and to conjure him to let me be with him and comfort him. On that Thursday when he returned home he came into the room, and throwing down his great-coat, laid himself down on the sofa, asking me to sit by him.

"Put your hand on my head, and cool it if you can; for I am sick, sad, and tired."

My heart yearned to him as of old, and all my love welled up again.

"Oh, Robert," I cried, "I would die to comfort you!"

He repeated the word "comfort" slowly to himself, and lay with musing eye gazing at the fire.

To any one who had entered the room it would have presented a scene of home-like happiness. I see him now with those sad expressive eyes, and with the lines of sorrow prematurely marked upon his forehead. What was I, ignorant girl, that I should presume to judge my husband? I am very thankful now that that evening was one of quiet peace and love. If he had deep forebodings, they were hidden from me. He had the manner of one about to embark on a long voyage, and who studies to keep back all mention of his approaching separation to save the grief of hearts he loves.

That night he slept by my side—a deep, untroubled slumber. I passed the greater part of the night waking and praying, and the gray morning of the 17th December broke upon the monotonous round of our life with no added presage of the coming tempest.

CHAPTER II.

AMY'S ROOM.

I WONDERED a good deal if my husband would leave the house on this 17th of December—this melancholy day!—and I tried in many ways to engage his attention after breakfast; and at length, when I saw him get up and prepare to go out, I asked him plainly to stay with me throughout the day.

"It is impossible," he said. "I have an engagement I could not break. I *must* see Carwithen; so do not be frightened if I am not back till late to-night."

As he spoke the gig came to the door, and to my surprise I saw Simon seated in it, evidently about to accompany Robert. This was the only instance on which I had seen him go out, his usual employment being in the garden; and I had always felt glad that my husband seldom held any communication with this man. I went with Robert to the door, and stood on the step, giving him his driving-gloves. He usually made a point of avoiding all outward signs of affection before the servants; but to-day, as he was turning to step into the gig, a sudden thought or impulse seemed to strike him; and as I was still standing at the hall door, he came back and pressed me warmly to him, saying, in a thick voice,

"God will take care of you, Georgie!"

Before I had time to answer him he had jumped in and driven rapidly away.

I went back into the house, and paced restlessly about the room, unable to calm myself. I went up stairs to put my walking things on, determined to try and walk off my uneasiness. Hardly forming any definite purpose, I found myself in the streets of Overton. There had been an early service, and the people were coming out of church. I walked into the church-yard, and straight up to the grave whose tenant had now become the great object of all my doubts and fears. Yes, I had not been mistaken in the date on the tombstone; it was this day of the month, the 17th of December, 1844. I stood at once inthralled by the multitude of conjectures that came rushing into my mind, and should have remained there, no doubt, much longer if I had not been aroused to visible things by a strange voice saying,

"Mrs. Connor, they are going to lock the church-yard gate."

I turned, surprised at being addressed by name, and recognized the curate of the church. I followed him quietly as he left the church-yard, and as he locked the gates after us he looked up at the leaden sky, which was low and heavy.

"We shall have a stormy night," he said.

I felt a mocking bitterness at my heart, thinking how little this man knew of my anticipations of all connected with this night of which he spoke so quietly. He was a plain middle-aged man, and I felt no hesitation in accepting his proffered arm. We crossed the market-place in silence, but he said, as we were passing Mrs. Piggott's door,

"There is some one looking out for you at that window."

I looked up and saw Mrs. Piggott's kind face, warm with smiles of welcome, while she kissed her hand to me, and beckoned me to come in; but I shook my head, though I returned her greeting with equal warmth. It was the first ray of human comfort that had reached me for many a day. As I raised my veil to look up at the kind old lady, I noticed the clergyman give a half exclamation of surprise; it was explained soon after, and I took no heed of it at the time. The long street that led from the market-place was ill paved, and as I walked along I became conscious how really weak I was, and once or twice almost tottered. Mr. Lambert begged me to lean upon his arm, adding,

"I have a daughter nearly as old as you are, Mrs. Connor, and you need not hesitate."

I thanked him, for any sympathy now was very precious to me; and I walked very slowly on, desiring to put off as long as possible the return to the shadow of that wretched home. Mr. Lambert began to speak of Mrs. Piggott, of her goodness and readiness to relieve and pity all who suffered.

"You can not have a safer or a better friend," he said. "I wish we saw you more frequently in Overton. If you will honor me by calling on my daughter—for I have no wife living—she will be most happy to offer you any attentions in her power; but she is too young to pay visits herself."

From this he diverged to remarks on the neighborhood and certain places worthy of a visit.

"Of course you have seen Carwithen Castle?" he said.

"No," I answered, reluctantly.

"Is it possible? Why, Dr. Connor is the most intimate friend that Lord Carwithen has, and it is but nine miles from your door."

I said I knew this, and, with jealous fear lest any doubt of my husband's kindness should occur to Mr. Lambert, added, "My husband is too much occupied to take me out driving at present, but I hope ere long to see the castle, and become acquainted with Lord Carwithen."

"I should have thought you were not only acquainted but related to him," he said. "I had no idea, till you raised your veil just now, how like you are to poor Lady Olive Mayne, who died a year and a half ago."

"I have been told of the likeness," I replied. "Did you know her?"

"Yes; she often referred to me, desiring to know all cases of distress in Overton, and her purse and influence were ever at my command. She was a very angelic being, and her brother has never recovered her loss."

I thought of another brother and sister whose history was a dismal parallel to this noble and excellent one. Although I have said I would not speak of my own feelings during this terrible time, I must note here that two separate natures seemed within me during these few days. The struggle between good and evil that goes on in all human beings is not what I mean; with me it was another contest between my reasoning powers and wild impulses, amounting almost to madness, which prompted me to ask questions of the merest stranger, and to throw myself on the mercy and pity of any one who would listen to me. I had to struggle hard against this feel-

ing now, for I knew the *real fear* that had haunted me throughout these weeks since Lawyer Piggott's first disclosure was the awful thought that Amy Connor *had not died by her own hand.* And since the night of that spirit-warning that fear had deepened into almost certainty, heightened by the horrible thought that I knew the author. I conquered the impulse, but Mr. Lambert went on:

"May I, as a father, give you a little advice? I can not help thinking that you are nourishing and dwelling on many sorrowful thoughts. Pray make a vigorous effort to be cheerful; avoid lonely musings, which can lead to no happy result; come among your neighbors at Overton. Mrs. Piggott's and my own house will be always open to you; and assure Dr. Connor that it is my earnest wish to cultivate friendly relations with him. I can not bear that he should live in this isolated manner; and his very uncommon talents should not be suffered to go to rust, when they might be so useful to his fellow-creatures."

Oh, how my heart bled as I heard these words, and felt that happiness might have been attainable, but that now it was too late!

I could only thank him, and promise to give his message to my husband; and now we were close to my door. He shook my hand kindly, and said,

"Do not let it be long before we meet again, Mrs. Connor. I shall come and find you out if I do not soon see you under my roof."

I turned and entered my house. The door closed upon sympathy, life, and light, and I became again the prey of misery and fear. I ran up stairs, and was astonished to see as I passed that the usually locked door of the front-room was standing open. I went in, and found myself in a narrow passage, having a door on either hand; the one on the right was partly open, and it showed me a bedroom in no way different from an ordinary sleeping chamber. At the foot of the bed Mrs. Judson was kneeling down, with her head hidden in her hands. I walked in and put my hand upon her shoulder; she raised her face, swollen with weeping, and said,

"Look round, ma'am. Master has ordered that this room should be opened; and, if you desired it, all should be shown to you. This is *her* bed; in that drawer you will find the dress she wore on the night of her death."

I went to a heavy old-fashioned chest of drawers, and opening the top one, saw a torn yellow lace veil, which I recognized at once, and an old white dress. I looked at them with amazement and sorrow.

"She often put them on," said Mrs. Judson, "and she sat in them talking about her wedding-day; and master never crossed her in her fancies."

"Was she ever married, then?" I asked.

Mrs. Judson stared at me for a moment or two, and then said, "You must ask master every thing; things will be different now. He has only told me to let you into these rooms."

"Where did you sleep," I asked, "when Miss Connor was alive?"

"In the room on the other side of the little passage. There is a door out of that leading up to the room where I now sleep."

I looked round and marked a few books, dusty with long disuse, and a few common articles of daily use, a work-box, and old desk without a lock, and stained with ink.

"Did she ever write?" I asked.

Mrs. Judson colored, changed most painfully, as if the question struck on some very sensitive chord of her memory.

"Yes," she said, in a hollow voice. "Do you wish to stay any longer, ma'am? I must leave you; the room is too sad for *me;* I can not bear it."

I replied that I should feel comforted by remaining, and that she need not mind leaving me alone. In truth, being face to face now with the reality of these mysterious rooms was doing me good, and restoring the balance of my imagination. I sat down and took the desk, opening each part of it, and looking with keen interest at any evidence of the poor little hand that had once used it. There were some old pieces of blotting-paper, but I could detect no words, except in one corner, where I made out husband, husband, husband, written a great number of times over. I linked this naturally with the ideá which I had been told haunted the poor girl's mind; and coupling it with Mrs. Judson's mention of her having often put on the white gown, thought I discerned clearly the circumstances that must have led to Amy Connor's insanity. Probably she had been engaged to be married, her brother had disapproved of it, and broken it off perhaps, even at the last moment, when the dress had been purchased.

So, sitting there in the approaching twilight, I eagerly grasped at these saner thoughts, and resumed again trust and belief in my husband's honor.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUMMONS ANSWERED.

THUS absorbed as I had been in tracing out the shadow pictures of Amy Connor's history, I had not remarked the gathering darkness of the winter evening. Suddenly it seemed to me that the blackness of the night swallowed up the landscape without. I woke up from my reverie, feeling the same thrill of fear that had crept over me a week ago. I rose hastily, closed the desk, and rushed out of the prison chamber into my own room. As I caught sight of my face in the glass I was startled by the gleaming terror in the eyes, and turned away, wringing my hands, I remember, and crying out, "Oh, when will this night be over?" I wrapped myself in a large white shawl, one of the relics of my bridal tour, and went down to the warmer and more cheerful air of the drawing-room. I do not think I have mentioned that the room which looked upon the garden had a door of communication with another, of which one of the windows faced the street. There was a lamp-post within a few feet of the door, and just as I came down the man had lit it. Every gleam of light seemed re-assuring, for "a horror of thick darkness" had fallen upon me. I opened the door between the rooms, and paced backward and forward, occasionally stopping to look at the little circle of light made by the lamp on the road. An old elm-tree and three or four poplars stood on the other side, and I had noticed that these trees seemed prophets of coming storms. The elm creaked and the poplar shivered; these signs were soon followed by one or two blasts of fitful wind, then a wild rush of rain, and the storm set in in its power and majesty. The house seemed to rock with the violence of the wind; but I was glad of the noise of the tempest, for it seemed to swallow up the superstitious fear, and to speak of the might of the hand that was ruling over all our destinies. And thus, sometimes sitting by the fire in the inner room, at others standing at the window and listening to the various changes of the storm, the slow hours crept on.

It was nearly eight o'clock before I was interrupted by Mrs. Judson's entrance. She came and begged me to have some food, reminding me that I had tasted nothing since the morning.

"You will not think, ma'am," she said, "of waiting dinner; the doctor will not be home for hours to come. Pray let me bring you something here by the fire."

I said I would have some tea, which she brought me, and tried to tempt me to eat something, but in vain; I felt I could not swallow or bear the sight of any thing to eat. All my anxiety now centred itself in the approach of the midnight hour, for I had an inward certainty that between twelve and one my husband would again meet the accusing spirit who had summoned him, and that I should not see him until that dreadful moment was over. Once or twice in the pauses of the wild tumult without, I thought I heard again that sorrowful voice, but I knew this to be the excited action of my own mind and brain, and I resolutely struggled against it. In truth, as the night went on, I grew much calmer, and obtained more mastery over my own terror. Each time that Mrs. Judson came in she, on the contrary, grew more and more excited and wild. She said broken words whose meaning I failed to make out, frequently gazed at the clock, as if she too was waiting anxiously for an appointed hour. Shortly after eleven the wind gradually lulled, and as the sky grew lighter I could see the ragged edges of the fast-sailing clouds, and at last a misty ray or two of the rising moon. I stood marking the passing clouds, bound, almost against my will, to keep this solitary vigil. As I still stood gazing from the window the Overton clock struck twelve, and as the last stroke died on the night Mrs. Judson called to me from the other room:

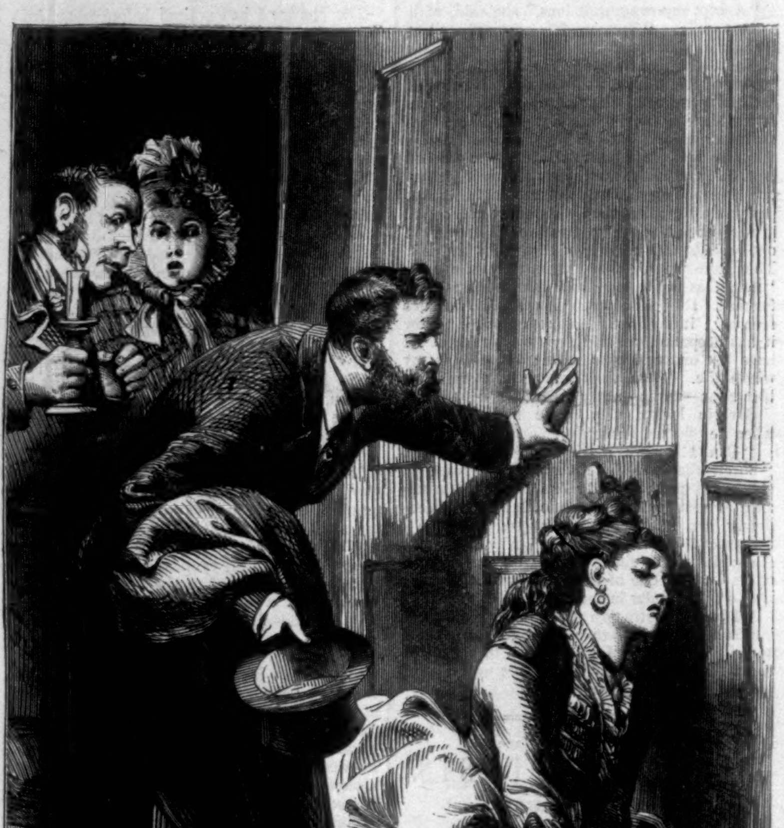
"Mrs. Connor, come here and read this letter. I could hardly bear to keep it back, but your husband charged me not to give it you till after twelve to-night. May God keep your heart from breaking! You have a hard trial to go through!"

She handed me a letter as she spoke, directed in my husband's hand; it was dated on the morning of the day just passed; the lines were few, but they contained the secret of his life.

"MY DEARLY LOVED AND HONORED WIFE,—To-night will end your misery, and break the chain which I was mad enough to bind around you. A week ago I dreamed that I might fly with you to a foreign land, and leave my guilt and shame buried in Amy's grave. It might not be! On that night she woke me from my dream, and summoned me to meet her. I have read all your heart clearly for weeks past. I know its pangs of doubt, its growing belief that I was the murderer of my sister. But my crime was yet deeper and more deadly; for I was the husband and not the brother of Amy Connor; and though I did not give her the poison that killed her, I drove her mad by long months of cruel wrong and base deceit. She was a friendless child brought up in my father's house, and treated by me as a little sister. When he died, and I changed my whole course of life and entered the army, I committed her to the care of Martha Judson, and from time to time I used to see her and caress her with a brother's protecting affection. Alas! as she grew up she mistook these marks of interest for a more romantic passion. She was but sixteen when I returned to London, and broke with all my hopes and aspirations connected with Olive Mayne. Despairing and alone I went to Martha's little home. Amy showed me all her girlish love without an attempt to hide it. Desperate, hopeless, half-bewildered with my ruined fate, I felt as if it were my duty to marry this orphan child, for she was little more. She loved me devotedly, but her mind was weak and frivolous, and I found my compassion quickly giving place to weariness and contempt. She became a mother, and while her child lived she was content, and did not mark my growing coldness and neglect. But when the little one died she sank into despondency, broken at times by fits of wild excitement. Love might yet have saved her, but I had none to give; and during this time of darkness I met again with Olive's brother. Now began my downward course. I yielded, after a brief struggle, to the fatal temptation of passing the last months of Olive's life by her side. I dared not reveal to her that I had a broken-hearted wife at home. I told my trusting friend that my father had committed a step-sister to my care—that she was insane, and could not be left in London without my personal protection. He proposed to give me the Moor House, and I consented to place her there under her kind servant's care. I told all to Martha and Simon, and besought them to aid me in concealing my real relationship to Amy. I lived at Carwithen until Olive died, and during that time Amy was calmer; but when I came back to my miserable home my presence seemed to drive her into more dangerous madness. Twice she escaped restraint, her desires being fixed on making my deceit known; for, with the strange intuition of lunacy, she had found out my hypocrisy. On the last dreadful night I had been haunted by a diabolical impulse to leave the means of self-destruction in her power; but I resisted, and fled as if from a personal encounter with Satan himself, leaving the phial in Simon's hands. I think he detected with a sort of magnetic sympathy the fiendish purpose I had longed but feared to accomplish. From that hour I have felt I was in his power, and have dreaded his glance. But Amy's death was by her own act alone, and Martha Judson, who loved her fondly, was the innocent instrument. I have one more task to do. I go to tell my friend in how dishonored a wretch he has trusted. Amy has summoned me, and I know that I must meet her. God's hand is on me; the hour of expiation has come. It will not need any act of my own to end my disgraced life. I have not slept for many nights; but last night a deep sleep fell on me, and something like a hope of pardon came, for Amy looked on me with pity in her eyes. Once more I shall see her before the end. Farewell, dear wife! Live on, and forget the dark days you have spent with me. My second Olive, my pure, my beautiful one, God give you a happier fate when I am gone! Farewell.

"Your loving, guilty husband,

"ROBERT CONNOR."



THE HOUR OF DOOM.

I read this letter through in perfect stillness. No tears came. I knew that all my husband wrote was waking truth, not the raving of a superstitious maniac, as it might have seemed to some.

Had not I also heard his summons? Did not my own consciousness bear witness to all that he had written? Slowly I sank on my knees, and laying down my head on the open letter, I tried to plead for him; for I knew that even now the hour of doom had come. My companion knelt down by me, and I heard her quick breathing and stifled sob close to my side. I remained mute and motionless: mine was an anguish far greater than sorrow. No weeping could relieve it. No cries. No prayers. A sense of awe stole over me, and again the icy chill of the grave crept through every nerve. This life and the visible world seemed annihilated. I felt as if I had passed out of this mortal state, and had entered into the abode of spirits. I should have knelt on for hours, unconscious of time or of any passing circumstance; but even in this trance of awe my senses remained acutely awake to all that could affect my husband's fate.

Suddenly, far, far in the distance, I caught the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs. I started to my feet, and grasped Mrs. Judson's arm, shrieking out, "He is coming! O God! he is coming!" I ran out into the passage, and with my weak hands tried to unlock the heavy fastenings of the door. Mrs. Judson followed me, and with her aid we soon stood together on the steps, looking toward the turn of the road, toward Ambledon, watching for the coming of the rapidly approaching horse. And now plainly in the stillness of the night we heard wheels also. The clouds had parted, and the moon looked down on us like a reproachful face, pale and blurted with tears. Oh, those moments!

Onward and onward, nearer and nearer, came the sounds; and now in mad career, almost upsetting the gig as it swung round the sharp turn of the road, came rushing forward the frightened horse. Before I could draw back within the doorway he had stopped with such suddenness as to throw Simon out on the road, and then stood perfectly still, shaking violently, as if palsied with terror. Even in my own agony I noticed the strange tremor of the poor dumb beast. My husband? Yes, he was there—he was living—he had come back to me—he would yet be spared: the dead wife had not claimed him. Oh, there might still be hope for us both! He was sitting upright on the driving seat of the gig—the sudden shock had not displaced him; his hat was off, and his white face gleamed in the moonlight.

His eyes were fixed steadfastly, as if in catalepsy, and his whole body looked rigid as a statue. He slowly left his seat, and one by one, as if he walked in chains and was heavily laden, he ascended the steps to the door, passing close as I stood gazing on him. Shall I ever cease to see that face of death in life—the stony horror of those unmoving eyes? Frozen with fear, I stood. I could not move, I could not speak; could only mark all I have noted down; and beyond and above all I had an awful sense that there was one who drew him on to the end, and that the living wife was powerless in the presence of the injured spirit of Amy Connor. He passed out of my sight through the open door into the

dispensary, and I heard him enter the inner room and close the door behind him. As the key turned harshly in the lock I regained my suspended energies, and flew rather than ran up to the closed door, vainly trying to turn the handle and to enter with him. If death were there, I desired to face the solemn presence, and to share the last conflict with my husband. It was in vain I threw myself on the ground by the door. I prayed and wept and called, and wrung my hands; I adjured him by every fond name, by every hope of heaven, to let me comfort and sustain him to the last. But the senseless wood that separated me from him was not more dumb than he. There was no voice in answer—no utterance save one or two gasping sounds. Once I distinguished the sound of something like the opening of a drawer and the moving of some papers; then all was profoundly still. My passionate grief spent itself, and I lay exhausted, and, as I thought, almost dying on the ground. My whole mind was so full of impressions from the unseen world that I expected some supernatural occurrence, and despaired of any human aid. As I lay, cold and half senseless, I heard the stir of a sudden arrival, and voices in earnest question and reply, but it seemed far off as in a dream, and I took no note of it; all the powers of my soul were fixed on what was passing in that inner room. But gently, as a mother would touch a frightened child, I felt myself drawn away from the door, and a face full of deep pity bent down over me. My own eyes were raised to this strange face with despairing entreaty; but from this point all memory ceased—darkness and night closed on me. My life was suspended for many weeks. I can not write the end; it was accomplished on that night. Before the first hour of dawn the spirit of Robert Connor had passed away to join the wife he had so deeply injured. In that far land where eternal forgiveness dwells, may she not have met him with a smile of peace?

Mrs. Connor's manuscript breaks off abruptly at this point; but the friend who permitted us to copy the above furnished us subsequently with an extract from a local paper, which elucidates in some degree the circumstances of Dr. Connor's death, though it leaves much still shrouded in mystery.

Extract from the Ambledon Courier, December 23, 1845.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF DOCTOR CONNOR.—On Saturday last, the 18th instant, an inquest was held at the Moor House, Overton, on the body of Dr. Robert Connor, who was well known as physician and general practitioner. The inquiry was conducted in a strictly private manner, but some particulars have crept out, and we are allowed to publish the following outline of the evidence then given. The body, which lay in a small room leading out of the dispensary, presented the appearance of death from exhaustion; in the right hand a letter was tightly grasped, and an open bureau strewn with torn letters stood near the corpse. It would appear that the deceased must have been occupied in seeking for something within it when death overtook him. On the bureau lay a miniature of a young lady, a wedding-ring, a certificate of marriage duly witnessed and signed, and a quantity of fair hair wrapped in silver-paper. After viewing the body, the coroner (Archibald Piggott, Esq., of Overton) proceeded with the inquiry.

A careful examination was made by Dr. Sandon, of Ambledon, and Mr. Carter, of the infirmary, but no traces of poison could be detected. They were of opinion that death was caused by strong excitement acting on an exhausted frame, and the rupture of a small vessel in the brain.

The evidence of Simon Judson was then taken. He deposed that Dr. Connor had been absent from his house from ten o'clock on that morning till half past twelve on the same night. He had accompanied his master on that day, and had observed that he was in evident excitement; that he drove unusually fast, and nearly upset the gig two or three times in driving through Ambledon streets, which were crowded, being market-day. After visiting the infirmary the doctor went on a mile farther, to the Union Work-house, where he had a private room, in which he frequently wrote letters when not engaged among his patients. On this day he remained alone until after nine o'clock in the evening, the matron going up several times to beg him to take some refreshment. He left the Union at half past nine, and drove through the pouring rain to Carwithen Castle, a distance of seven miles and a half. He was silent the whole time, and never answered when spoken to once or twice. On reaching the castle he flung the reins to Simon, desiring him to bring the gig round in an hour. About eleven the doctor came out to the stable-yard, where he was harnessing the horse, took his seat, and drove off. Simon observed that he looked very ill, and stumbled as if he were blind and could not see the gig step. He allowed the horse to go his own pace, and seemed quite lost. Simon thought he was faint and sick with fasting, and tried to take the reins, but his master shook his head, and would not give them up. As they passed through Ambledon the clocks were striking twelve. The moon had come out, and they could see the road plainly before them. There was a turning after the turnpike-gate which led over a rough road across the moor, to the back of the doctor's house, and he always took that way home, though it was the longest. But on this night, when the horse turned of himself to the moor, Dr. Connor checked him violently and jerked his head suddenly round, and urged him faster along the high turnpike-road. Simon Judson noticed that he stared about as if he expected something, and that the horse broke out after a time into a violent sweat, as the doctor kept urging him forward. There was a gate into a plowed field on the right side of the road about half-way to Overton, and when the horse came opposite this he stopped as if he were shot, and nearly fell down. The doctor didn't strike him then, but kept staring at the hedge, which was quite bare of leaves, so that you could see the field by glimpses beyond it. They hadn't sat above a minute before Simon saw something white come creeping up on the field side of the hedge, and when it came up to the gate he saw it was a woman. He cried out, "Lord, save us! it's a spirit!" It came slowly on through the gate, and stood on the road within a yard or two of the wheel. He saw her quite clearly; and, if he had not known her to be dead, he would have sworn that it was Amy Connor, just as she looked the night before she died, in a white gown and veil, with bare arms and neck, and her face very pale and dreadful. She didn't look angry; but beckoned with her hand, and moved her head slowly. The figure didn't seem to be there more than a minute or two, but Simon was very much frightened, and hid his eyes, and tried to jump out of the gig; but the horse started suddenly and rushed on at a headlong rate, and never stopped till they were at their own door, when he was flung out and stunned by the shock, and remembered nothing clearly till Lord Carwithen came to him in the kitchen and asked him to help him break open his master's door.

The man was much affected during the relation of this singular history, and though narrowly questioned, never varied in one tittle of his evidence.

The Earl of Carwithen was then called. His agitation was extreme, as he had been the most intimate friend of the deceased. It appeared he did not learn the fact of the doctor's first marriage until the night of the 17th, when Dr. Connor entered his library unannounced, and during a most painful interview made a full revelation of all the facts of his previous history. The Earl declined entering on these, as they were in some measure connected with his own family. Dr. Connor left him in a state bordering on delirium, and the Earl was so much overcome by all he had heard that he did not attempt to detain him at the moment. When he became calmer, he reflected that Dr. Connor was in so disordered a state of mind that he might possibly commit some rash act; he therefore ordered his horse and galloped over to the Moor House. He there found Mrs. Connor in a fainting state, lying by the door of her husband's room; he carried her up to bed, and proceeded with Simon's assistance to break open the door. He found the doctor dead, stretched on the ground by the side of an open bureau, with a letter clinched in his hand!

This letter was handed to the coroner, and as it was directed to him, he read it in silence. We understand that the letter was written by the deceased's first wife, Amy Connor, who had always passed in the neighborhood as his sister. It was dated on the night she destroyed herself, and contained an accusation against her husband, and an appeal to Mr. Piggott to save any woman whom Dr. Connor might marry from a fate like her own.

The body of Dr. Connor is to be interred on Friday, the 24th, and the Earl of Carwithen has directed that it shall be buried by the side of his first wife at Overton. The verdict, we need hardly say, was "Died by the visitation of God."

A profound gloom has been spread in the neighborhood by this event. The young widow, a lady of great beauty and excellence, was conveyed to the house of Mrs. Piggott, of Overton, immediately after the inquest. We hear that little hope is entertained of her recovery, as she has not regained her consciousness since the event.

L'ENVOI.

FOURTEEN years had passed since the strange circumstances attendant on Dr. Connor's death had filled the neighborhood with wonder and curiosity. These sensations had slowly died out, and there remained no visible witnesses of the past, only the two plain crosses that marked the graves of Dr. Connor and his first wife. It was Christmas-eve, and the afternoon services had just ended; an old lady, leaning on a silver-headed stick, came feebly out of the porch and walked up to these graves. She stood quietly looking down at them for some moments, then bent a steadfast gaze on the evening sky, and, turning slowly away, she crossed the market-place and entered her own door. It was Mrs. Piggott. She had nursed with the most devoted care the poor desolate widow through the long illness which followed her husband's death. On her recovery Mrs. Connor had left the neighborhood, and had only been heard of at intervals. The Moor House had been razed to the ground by the orders of the owner, Lord Carwithen. The Earl himself had quitted the castle, and it was reported that he had gone to the East. The castle had been shut up for years, and the servants discharged. Mrs. Judson had been appointed one of the lodge-keepers, and was given a special charge to attend to the wants of the sick and old on the estate. Simon had disappeared, and nothing was known of his fate. Mrs. Piggott entered her house, filled with sad reminiscences of the past; she went languidly up stairs, and sank down in a chair by the fire. By her side was a little table, and on it lay a foreign letter in its narrow envelope; she took it up and started as she noticed the somewhat peculiar hand. We can not wind up this dark story better than by glancing over her shoulder as she reads. It is like the light of sunset which Mrs. Piggott saw a while ago as she stood over the graves in the silent church-yard.

Lady Carwithen to Mrs. Piggott.

"MENTONE, *December* 17, 1859.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I will not ask if you still remember me. I know you do. Such goodness as yours does not forget, and I have a place in your heart, because you took me in and saved me when I was well-nigh lost in my despair. This is the anniversary of my first husband's death. I can think of it now without a shudder, and can bless God that he was taken away by the Divine hand, and not allowed to rush uncalled into the presence of his Maker. I have always believed that his expiation was accepted, and that Amy has his love now in that abode where there is no marrying or giving in marriage. You will want to know if I am happy. Yes, dear friend; the dark sorrows of my early life have passed like the storms of the morning, and have given place to a later day of serene peace. I will not call it joy, for it is too deep and quiet for that. We love each other so entirely that the remembrance of past grief and sin does not imbitter our happiness. Would you ask who has wrought this change in my life? It is he who, like myself, once loved and trusted Robert Connor. The rude shock to his belief in his friend's truth drove him from his home an imbittered man; he traveled through many lands, and three years ago retraced his steps toward England. Lingering at St. Remo, he fell in love with its beauty, and finally bought a château on the winding coast, where he soon made himself beloved by the simple people. In the autumn of that same year I came here with a dying cousin. It was my only comfort then to try and soothe her sufferings. She lingered on to the spring, but before it came I had found a nearer and dearer one to replace her. Lord Carwithen, hearing of a dying lady in the hotel, entreated us to look on his house as our own, and placed all its English comforts at our disposal. I need not dwell on the particulars of our mutual attachment and marriage. My husband is recovering strength and cheerfulness and courage to meet all his duties again as an English nobleman. We talk now of revisiting Carwithen Castle next summer. I shall bring with me a boy who is the delight and pride of our existence. Remember me to your son and good Mr. Lambert, and, lastly, give my love to Mrs. Judson. I have never forgotten her sympathy for me. God bless you, my dear old friend! I look forward to our meeting with the greatest joy.

"Your loving and grateful

"GEORGINA CARWITHEN."

LUCKY OMENS.

WHAT an exhibition of human weakness is made in the petty superstitions regarding so-called omens and lucky and unlucky days! Let us run over a few of these follies, not yet exploded in certain sections of the population.

Odd numbers—barring the ever fatal thirteen—are thought to be lucky. The shrill piping of the household cricket is prophetic of happiness to the hearth it haunts, as surely as the settling of a stork upon a Dutchman's roof-tree bodes pleasant times to the dwellers beneath it. That forlornest of animals, the masterless dog, that follows close upon the heels of a night-walker, and will not be balked of companionship, is a certain luck-bringer. Black cats should be at a premium, considering a stray puss of that hue who takes a fancy to establishing himself in a house introduces good fortune with him; while a cat of any color, whether an uninvited visitor or an acknowledged member of the family, ought never to be restrained from sharpening his talons at the expense of the table's legs, since, when he thus scratches, he scratches for luck. Pat kindly the head of the first lamb of spring, if you have the chance; it will bring prosperity to you and yours; but avoid the innocent creature if it presents its tail to view.

To come suddenly upon a couple of magpies, to pick up a pin lying with its head toward you, to find—of course without seeking—a four-leaved clover, or a bit of old iron, is matter for rejoicing: if the iron take the shape of a rusty nail or an old horseshoe, the omen is so much the more fortunate. Absent-minded and careless dressers are likely to be often in luck's way. To put on any garment wrong side out, provided we are not neat enough to spoil the charm, is an infallible prognostic that something is about to happen which will profit the sloven greatly.

It is not pleasant to stumble up stairs, but there is some consolation for sore shins in knowing that a wedding will come off in the house ere twelve months have passed by, even if the stumbler has no hope of being a party concerned in the event. Should a spinster or a bachelor be inadvertently placed between a married pair at the dinner-table, he or she will taste the sweets of connubial bliss before the year is out. A maiden who has constant ill luck at the card-table will play the game of life with greater success partnered with a good husband. Happy will be the bride the sun shines on; and if a hen cackles in her new home as she crosses its threshold, she will be a happy mother as well as a contented wife. The odd notion prevails in some parts of France that when two marriages take place at the same time, the bride who first leaves the church will have a boy for her first child. Not long ago two weddings were celebrated simultaneously at Archies. As soon as the ceremony was over, the two couples and their friends made all haste to reach the church door, and, to use a sporting phrase, made a dead-heat of it. Neither party were inclined to yield precedence, defiant looks were exchanged, and things wore a threatening aspect, when the mayor, stepping to the front, solved the difficulty by giving an arm to each of the brides, and taking them out together, to the immense relief of their respective friends.

To barter away old shoes for the benefit of the "translator" is a sad waste; there is nothing like well-worn leather to propitiate fate. The time-honored custom of throwing an old shoe after a departing friend, in order that his journey may have a prosperous issue, is so ancient and so common that we only mention it here to remind intending throwers that the shoe should belong to the left foot—there is no virtue in its fellow—and that the harder the recipient is hit, the happier will be the result. Old shoes are within every body's reach, but a friend is not always at hand to perform the ceremony. However, that scarcely matters much, since we have lately learned success is to be retrieved, whether it be deserved or not, by simply pocketing a bit of coal.

(Continued from No. 892, page 119.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

MADAME GOESLER'S LEGACY.

ONE morning, very shortly after her return to Harrington, Lady Chiltern was told that Mr. Spooner of Spoon Hall had called, and desired to see her. She suggested that the gentleman had probably asked for her husband, who at that moment was enjoying his recovered supremacy in the centre of Trumpeton Wood; but she was assured that on this occasion Mr. Spooner's mission was to herself. She had no quarrel with Mr. Spooner, and she went to him at once. After the first greeting he rushed into the subject of the great triumph. "So we've got rid of Mr. Fothergill, Lady Chiltern."

"Yes; Mr. Fothergill will not, I believe, trouble us any more. He is an old man, it seems, and has retired from the Duke's service."

"I can't tell you how glad I am, Lady Chiltern. We were afraid that Chiltern would have thrown it up, and then I don't know where we should have been. England would not have been England any longer, to my thinking, if we hadn't won the day. It 'd have been just like a French revolution. Nobody would have known what was coming or where he was going."

That Mr. Spooner should be enthusiastic on any hunting question was a matter of course; but still it seemed to be odd that he should have driven himself over from Spoon Hall to pour his feelings into Lady Chiltern's ear. "We shall go on very nicely now, I don't doubt," said she; "and I'm sure that Lord Chiltern will be glad to find that you are pleased."

"I am very much pleased, I can tell you." Then he paused, and the tone of his voice was changed altogether when he spoke again. "But I didn't come over only about that, Lady Chiltern. Miss Palliser has not come back with you, Lady Chiltern?"

"We left Miss Palliser at Matching. You know she is the Duke's cousin."

"I wish she wasn't, with all my heart."

"Why should you want to rob her of her relations, Mr. Spooner?"

"Because—because— I don't want to say a word against her, Lady Chiltern. To me she is perfect as a star, beautiful as a rose." Mr. Spooner, as he said this, pointed first to the heavens and then to the earth. "But perhaps she wouldn't have been so proud of her grandfather hadn't he been a duke."

"I don't think she is proud of that."

"People do think of it, Lady Chiltern; and I don't say that they ought not. Of course it makes a difference, and when a man lives altogether in the country, as I do, it seems to signify so much more. But if you go back to old county families, Lady Chiltern, the Spooners have been here pretty nearly as long as the Pallisers—if not longer. The Desponders, from whom we come, came over with William the Conqueror."

"I have always heard that there isn't a more respectable family in the county."

"That there isn't. There was a grant of land which took their name, and became the Manor of Despond; there's where Spoon Hall is now. Sir Thomas Desponder was one of those who demanded the Charter, though his name wasn't always given, because he wasn't a baron. Perhaps Miss Palliser does not know all that."

"I doubt whether she cares about those things."

"Women do care about them—very much. Perhaps she has heard of the two spoons crossed, and doesn't know that that was a stupid, vulgar practical joke. Our crest is a knight's head bowed, with the motto, 'Desperandum.' Soon after the Conquest one of the Desponders fell in love with the Queen, and never would give it up, though it wasn't any good. Her name was Matilda; and so he went as a Crusader and got killed. But wherever he went he had the knight's head bowed and the motto on the shield."

"What a romantic story, Mr. Spooner!"

"Isn't it? And it's quite true. That's the way we became Spooners. I never told her of it, but somehow I wish I had now. It always seemed that she didn't think that I was any body."

"The truth is, Mr. Spooner, that she was always thinking that somebody else was every thing. When a gentleman is told that a lady's affections have been pre-engaged, however much he may regret the circumstances, he can not, I think, feel any hurt to his pride. If I understand the matter, Miss Palliser explained to you that she was engaged when first you spoke to her."

"You are speaking of young Gerard Maule?"

"Of course I am speaking of Mr. Maule."

"But she has quarreled with him, Lady Chiltern."

"Don't you know what such quarrels come to?"

"Well, no. That is to say, every body tells me that it is really broken off, and that he has gone nobody knows where. At any rate he nev-

er shows himself. He doesn't mean it, Lady Chiltern."

"I don't know what he means."

"And he can't afford it, Lady Chiltern. I mean it, and I can afford it. Surely that might go for something."

"I can not say what Mr. Maule may mean to do, Mr. Spooner, but I think it only fair to tell you that he is at present staying at Matching, under the same roof with Miss Palliser."

"Maule staying at the Duke's!" When Mr. Spooner heard this, there came a sudden change over his face. His jaw fell, and his mouth was opened, and the redness of his cheeks flew up to his forehead.

"He was expected there yesterday, and I need hardly suggest to you what will be the end of the quarrel."

"Going to the Duke's won't give him an income."

"I know nothing about that, Mr. Spooner. But it really seems to me that you misinterpret the nature of the affections of such a girl as Miss Palliser. Do you think it likely that she should cease to love a man because he is not so rich as another?"

"People, when they are married, want a house to live in, Lady Chiltern. Now at Spoon Hall—"

"Believe me, that is in vain, Mr. Spooner."

"You are quite sure of it?"

"Quite sure."

"I'd have done any thing for her—any thing! She might have had what settlements she pleased. I told Ned that he must go, if she made a point of it. I'd have gone abroad, or lived just any where. I'd come to that, that I didn't mind the hunting a bit."

"I'm sorry for you—I am, indeed."

"It cuts a fellow all to pieces so! And yet what is it all about? A slip of a girl that isn't any thing so very much out of the way after all. Lady Chiltern, I shouldn't care if the horses kicked the trap all to pieces going back to Spoon Hall, and me with it."

"You'll get over it, Mr. Spooner."

"Get over it! I suppose I shall; but I shall never be as I was. I've been always thinking of the day when there must be a lady at Spoon Hall, and putting it off, you know. There'll never be a lady there now—never. You don't think there's any chance at all?"

"I'm sure there is none."

"I'd give half I've got in all the world," said the wretched man, "just to get it out of my head. I know what it will come to." Though he paused, Lady Chiltern could ask no question respecting Mr. Spooner's future prospects. "It'll be two bottles of Champagne at dinner, and two bottles of claret afterward, every day. I only hope she'll know that she did it. Good-by, Lady Chiltern. I thought that perhaps you'd have helped me."

"I can not help you."

"Good-by." So he went down to his trap, and drove himself violently home—without, however, achieving the ruin which he desired. Let us hope that as time cures his wound, that threat as to increased consumption of wine may fall to the ground unfulfilled.

In the mean time Gerard Maule had arrived at Matching Priory. "We have quarreled," Adelaide had said when the Duchess told her that her lover was to come. "Then you had better make it up again," the Duchess had answered—and there had been an end of it. Nothing more was done; no arrangement was made; and Adelaide was left to meet the man as best she might. The quarrel to her had been as the disruption of the heavens. She had declared to herself that she would bear it; but the misfortune to be borne was a broken world falling about her own ears. She had thought of a nunnery, of Ophelia among the water-lilies, and of an early death-bed. Then she had pictured to herself the somewhat ascetic and very laborious life of an old maiden lady whose only recreation fifty years hence should consist in looking at the portrait of him who had once been her lover. And now she was told that he was coming to Matching, as though nothing had been the matter! She tried to think whether it was not her duty to have her things at once packed, and ask for a carriage to take her to the railway station. But she was in the house of her nearest relative—of him and also of her who were bound to see that things were right; and then there might be a more pleasurable existence than that which would have to depend on a photograph for its keenest delight. But how should she meet him? In what way should she address him? Should she ignore the quarrel, or recognize it, or take some milder course? She was half afraid of the Duchess, and could not ask for assistance. And the Duchess, though good-natured, seemed to her to be rough. There was nobody at Matching to whom she could say a word; so she lived on, and trembled, and doubted from hour to hour whether the world would not come to an end.

The Duchess was rough, but she was very good-natured. She had contrived that the two lovers should be brought into the same house, and did not doubt at all but what they would be able to adjust their own little differences when they met. Her experiences of the world had certainly made her more alive to the material prospects than to the delicate aroma of a love adventure. She had been greatly knocked about herself, and the material prospects had come uppermost. But all that had happened to her had tended to open her hand to other people, and had enabled her to be good-natured with delight, even when she knew that her friends imposed upon her. She didn't care much for Laurence Fitzgibbon; but when she was told that the lady with money would not consent to marry the aristocratic pauper except on condition that she should be received at Matching, the Duchess at once gave the invitation. And now, though she couldn't go into the "fallallery," as she called it to Madame Goesler, of settling a meeting between two young people who had fallen out, she worked hard till she accomplished something perhaps more important to their future happiness. "Plantagenet," she said, "there can be no objection to your cousin having that money."

"My dear!"

"Oh, come; you must remember about Adelaide and that young man who is coming here to-day."

"You told me that Adelaide is to be married. I don't know any thing about the young man."

"His name is Maule, and he is a gentleman, and all that. Some day, when his father dies, he'll have a small property somewhere."

"I hope he has a profession."

"No, he has not. I told you all that before."

"If he has nothing at all, Glencora, why did he ask a young lady to marry him?"

"Oh dear! what's the use of going into all that? He has got something. They'll do immensely well, if you'll only listen. She is your first cousin."

"Of course she is," said Plantagenet, lifting up his hand to his hair.

"And you are bound to do something for her."

"No, I am not bound. But I'm very willing—if you wish it. Put the thing on a right footing."

"I hate footings—that is, right footings. We can manage this without taking money out of your pocket."

"My dear Glencora, if I am to give my cousin money, I shall do so by putting my hand into my own pocket in preference to that of any other person."

"Madame Goesler says that she'll sign all the papers about the Duke's legacy—the money, I mean—if she may be allowed to make it over to the Duke's niece."

"Of course Madame Goesler may do what she likes with her own. I can not hinder her. But I would rather that you should not interfere. Twenty-five thousand pounds is a very serious sum of money."

"You won't take it?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor will Madame Goesler; and therefore there can be no reason why these young people should not have it. Of course Adelaide being the Duke's niece does make a difference. Why else should I care about it? She is nothing to me; and as for him, I shouldn't know him again if I were to meet him in the street."

And so the thing was settled. The Duke was powerless against the energy of his wife, and the lawyer was instructed that Madame Goesler would take the proper steps for putting herself into possession of the Duke's legacy—as far as the money was concerned—with the view of transferring it to the Duke's niece, Miss Adelaide Palliser. As for the diamonds, the difficulty could not be solved. Madame Goesler still refused to take them, and desired her lawyer to instruct her as to the form by which she could most thoroughly and conclusively renounce that legacy.

Gerard Maule had his ideas about the meeting which would of course take place at Matching. He would not, he thought, have been asked there had it not been intended that he should marry Adelaide. He did not care much for the grandeur of the Duke and Duchess, but he was conscious of certain profitable advantages which might accrue from such an acknowledgment of his position from the great relatives of his intended bride. It would be something to be married from the house of the Duchess, and to receive his wife from the Duke's hand. His father would probably be driven to acquiesce, and people who were almost omnipotent in the world would at any rate give him a start. He expected no money; nor did he possess that character, whether it be good or bad, which is given to such expectation. But there would be encouragement, and the thing would probably be done. As for the meeting, he would take her in his arms, if he found her alone, and beg her pardon for that cross word about Boulogne. He would assure her that Boulogne itself would be a heaven to him if she were with him—and he thought that she would believe him. When he reached the house he was asked into a room in which a lot of people were playing billiards, or crowded round a billiard-table. The Chilterns were gone, and he was at first ill at ease, finding no friend. Madame Goesler, who had met him at Harrington, came up to him, and told him that the Duchess would be there directly, and then Phineas, who had been playing at the moment of his entrance, shook hands with him, and said a word or two about the Chilterns. "I was so delighted to hear of your acquittal," said Maule.

"We never talk about that now," said Phineas, going back to his stroke. Adelaide Palliser was not present, and the difficulty of the meeting had not yet been encountered. They all remained in the billiard-room till it was time for the ladies to dress, and Adelaide had not yet ventured to show herself. Somebody offered to take him to his room, and he was conducted up stairs, and told that they dined at eight; but nothing had been arranged. Nobody had as yet mentioned her name to him. Surely it could not be that she had gone away when she heard that he was coming, and that she was really determined to make the quarrel perpetual! He had three-quarters of an hour in which to get ready for dinner, and he felt himself to be uncomfortable and out of his element. He had been sent to his chamber prematurely, because nobody had known what to do with him; and he wished himself back in London. The Duchess, no doubt, had intended to be good-natured, but she had made a mistake. So he sat by his open window, and looked out on the ruins of the old Priory, which were close to the house, and wondered why he mightn't have been allowed to wander about the garden instead of being shut up there in a bedroom. But he felt that it would be unwise to attempt any escape now. He would meet the Duke or the Duchess, or perhaps Adelaide herself, in some of the passages—and there would be an embarrassment. So he dawdled away the time, looking out of the window as he dressed, and descended to the drawing-room at eight o'clock. He shook hands with the Duke, and was welcomed by the Duchess, and then glanced round the room. There she was, seated on a sofa between two other ladies, of whom one was his friend Madame Goesler. It was essentially necessary that he should notice her in some way, and he walked up to her and offered her his hand. It was impossible that he should allude to what was past, and he merely muttered something as he stood over her. She blushed up to her eyes, and was absolutely dumb. "Mr. Maule, perhaps you'll take our cousin Adelaide out to dinner," said the Duchess, a moment afterward, whispering in his ear.

"Have you forgiven me?" he said to her, as they passed from one room to the other.

"I will—if you care to be forgiven." The Duchess had been quite right, and the quarrel was all over without any arrangement.

On the following morning he was allowed to walk about the grounds without any impediment, and to visit the ruins which had looked so charming to him from the window. Nor was he alone. Miss Palliser was now by no means anxious, as she had been yesterday, to keep out of the way, and was willingly persuaded to show him all the beauties of the place.

"I shouldn't have said what I did, I know," pleaded Maule.

"Never mind it now, Gerard."

"I mean about going to Boulogne."

"It did sound so melancholy."

"But I only meant that we should have to be very careful how we lived. I don't know quite whether I am so good at being careful about money as a fellow ought to be."

"You must take a lesson from me, Sir."

"I have sent the horses to Tattersall's," he said, in a tone that was almost funereal.

"What! already?"

"I gave the order yesterday. They are to be sold—I don't know when. They won't fetch any thing. They never do. One always buys bad horses there for a lot of money, and sells good ones for nothing. Where the difference goes to I never could make out."

"I suppose the man gets it who sells them."

"No, he don't. The fellows get it who have their eyes open. My eyes never were open—except as far as seeing you went."

"Perhaps if you had opened them wider, you wouldn't have to go to—"

"Don't, Adelaide. But, as I was saying about the horses—when they're sold, of course the bills won't go on. And I suppose things will come right. I don't owe so very much."

"I've got something to tell you," she said.

"What about?"

"You're to see my cousin to-day at two o'clock."

"The Duke?"

"Yes, the Duke; and he has got a proposition. I don't know that you need sell your horses, as it seems to make you so very unhappy. You remember Madame Goesler?"

"Of course I do. She was at Harrington."

"There's something about a legacy which I can't understand at all. It is ever so much money, and it did belong to the old Duke. They say it is to be mine—or yours, rather, if we should ever be married. And then, you know, Gerard, perhaps, after all, you needn't go—to Boulogne." So she took her revenge, and he had his as he pressed his arm round her waist and kissed her among the ruins of the old Priory.

Precisely at two to the moment he had his interview with the Duke, and very disagreeable it was to both of them. The Duke was bound to explain that the magnificent present which was being made to his cousin was a gift not from him, but from Madame Goesler; and though he was intent on making this as plain as possible, he did not like the task. "The truth is, Mr. Maule, that Madame Goesler is unwilling, for reasons for which I need not trouble you, to take the legacy which was left to her by my uncle. I think her reasons to be insufficient, but it is a matter in which she must, of course, judge for herself. She has decided—very much, I fear, at my wife's instigation, which I must own I regret—to give the money to one of our family, and has been pleased to say that my cousin Adelaide shall be the recipient of her bounty. I have nothing to do with it. I can not stop her generosity if I would, nor can I say that my cousin ought to refuse it. Adelaide will have the entire sum as her fortune, short by the legacy duty, which, as you are probably aware, will be ten per cent., as Madame Goesler was not related to my uncle. The money will of course be settled on my cousin and on her children. I believe that will be all I shall have to say, except that Lady Glencora—the Duchess, I mean—wishes that Adelaide shall be married from our house. If this be so, I shall, of course, hope to have the honor of giving my cousin away." The Duke was by no means a pompous man, and probably there was no man in England of so high rank who thought so little of his rank. But he was stiff and somewhat ungainly, and the task which he was called upon to execute had been very disagreeable to him. He bowed when he had finished his speech, and Gerard Maule felt himself bound to go, almost without expressing his thanks.

"My dear Mr. Maule," said Madame Goesler, "you literally must not say a word to me about it. The money was not mine, and under no circumstances would or could be mine. I have given nothing, and could not have presumed to make such a present. The money, I take it, does undoubtedly belong to the present Duke, and as he does not want it, it is very natural that it should go to his cousin. I trust that you may both live to enjoy it long, but I can not allow any thanks to be given to me by either of you."

After that he tried the Duchess, who was somewhat more gracious. "The truth is, Mr. Maule, you are a very lucky man to find twenty thousand pounds and more going begging about the country in that way."

"Indeed I am, Duchess."

"And Adelaide is lucky too, for I doubt whether either of you are given to any very penetrating economies. I am told that you like hunting."

"I have sent my horses to Tattersall's."

"There is enough now for a little hunting, I suppose, unless you have a dozen children; and now you and Adelaide must settle when it's to be. I hate things to be delayed. People go on quarreling, and fancying this and that, and thinking that the world is full of romance and poetry. When they get married they know better."

"I hope the romance and poetry do not all vanish."

"Romance and poetry are for the most part lies, Mr. Maule, and are very apt to bring people into difficulty. I have seen something of them in my time, and I much prefer downright honest figures. Two and two make four; idleness is the root of all evil; love your neighbor like yourself—and the rest of it. Pray remember that Adelaide is to be married from here, and that we shall be very happy that you should make every use you like of our house until then."

We may so far anticipate in our story as to say that Adelaide Palliser and Gerard Maule were married from Matching Priory, at Matching Church, early in that October, and that, as far as the coming winter was concerned, there certainly was no hunting for the gentleman. They went to Naples instead of Boulogne, and there remained till the warm weather came in the following spring. Nor was that peremptory sale at Tattersall's countermanded as regarded any of the horses. What prices were realized the present writer has never been able to ascertain.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

PHINEAS FINN'S SUCCESS.

WHEN Phineas Finn had been about a week at Matching he received a letter, or rather a very short note, from the Prime Minister, asking him to go up to London; and on the same day the Duke of Omnium spoke to him on the subject of the letter. "You are going up to see Mr. Gresham. Mr. Gresham has written to me, and I hope that we shall be able to congratulate ourselves in having your assistance next session." Phineas declared that he had no idea whatever of Mr. Gresham's object in summoning him up to London. "I have his permission to inform you that he wishes you to accept office." Phineas felt that he was becoming very red in the face, but he did not attempt to make any reply on the spur of the moment. "Mr. Gresham thinks it well that so much should be said to you before you see him, in order that you may turn the matter over in your own mind. He would have written to you probably, making the offer at once, had it not been that there must be various changes, and that one man's place must depend on another. You will go, I suppose."

"Yes, I shall go, certainly. I shall be in London this evening."

"I shall take care that a carriage is ready for you. I do not presume to advise, Mr. Finn, but I hope that there need be no doubt as to your joining us." Phineas was somewhat confounded, and did not know the Duke well enough to give expression to his thoughts at the moment. "Of course you will return to us, Mr. Finn." Phineas said that he would return and trespass on the Duke's hospitality for yet a few days. He was quite resolved that something must be said to Madame Goesler before he left the roof under which she was living. In the course of the autumn she purposed, as she had told him, to go to Vienna, and to remain there almost up to Christmas. Whatever there might be to be said should be said, at any rate, before that.

He did speak a few words to her before his journey to London, but in those words there was no allusion made to the great subject which must be discussed between them. "I am going up to London," he said.

"So the Duchess tells me."

"Mr. Gresham has sent for me—meaning, I suppose, to offer me the place which he would not give me while that poor man was alive."

"And you will accept it, of course, Mr. Finn?"

"I am not at all so sure of that."

"But you will. You must. You will hardly be so foolish as to let the peevish animosity of an ill-conditioned man prejudice your prospects even after his death."

"It will not be any remembrance of Mr. Bonteen that will induce me to refuse."

"It will be the same thing; rancor against Mr. Gresham because he had allowed the other man's counsel to prevail with him. The action of no individual man should be to you of sufficient consequence to guide your conduct. If you accept office, you should not take it as a favor conferred by the Prime Minister; nor, if you refuse it, should you do so from personal feelings in regard to him. If he selects you, he is presumed to do so because he finds that your services will be valuable to the country."

"He does so because he thinks that I should be safe to vote for him."

"That may be so, or not. You can't read his bosom quite distinctly; but you may read your own. If you go into office you become the servant of the country, not his servant, and should assume his motive in selecting you to be the same as your own in submitting to the selection. Your foot must be on the ladder before you can get to the top of it."

"The ladder is so crooked."

"Is it more crooked now than it was three

years ago—worse than it was six months ago, when you and all your friends looked upon it as certain that you would be employed? There is nothing, Mr. Finn, that a man should fear so much as some twist in his convictions arising from a personal accident to himself. When we heard that the devil in his sickness wanted to be a monk, we never thought that he would become a saint in glory. When a man who has been rejected by a lady expresses a general ill opinion of the sex, we are apt to ascribe his opinions to disappointment rather than to judgment. A man falls and breaks his leg at a fence, and can not be induced to ride again—not because he thinks the amusement to be dangerous, but because he can not keep his mind from dwelling on the hardship that has befallen himself. In all such cases self-consciousness gets the better of the judgment."

"You think it will be so with me?"

"I shall think so if you now refuse, because of the misfortune which befell you, that which I know you were most desirous of possessing before that accident. To tell you the truth, Mr. Finn, I wish Mr. Gresham had delayed his offer till the winter."

"And why?"

"Because by that time you will have recovered your health. Your mind now is morbid, and out of tune."

"There was something to make it so, Madame Goesler."

"God knows there was; and the necessity which lay upon you of bearing a bold front during those long and terrible weeks of course consumed your strength. The wonder is that the fibres of your mind should have retained any of their elasticity after such an ordeal. But as you are so strong, it would be a pity that you should not be strong altogether. This thing that is now to be offered to you is what you have always desired."

"A man may have always desired that which is worthless."

"You tried it once, and did not find it worthless. You found yourself able to do good work when you were in office. If I remember right, you did not give it up then because it was irksome to you, or contemptible, or, as you say, worthless, but from difference of opinion on some political question. You can always do that again."

"A man is not fit for office who is prone to do so."

"Then do not you be prone. It means success or failure in the profession which you have chosen, and I shall greatly regret to see you damage your chance of success by yielding to scruples which have come upon you when you are hardly as yet yourself."

She had spoken to him very plainly, and he had found it to be impossible to answer her, and yet she had hardly touched the motives by which he believed himself to be actuated. As he made his journey up to London he thought very much of her words. There had been nothing said between them about money. No allusion had been made to the salary of the office which would be offered to him, or to the terrible shortness of his own means of living. He knew well enough himself that he must take some final step in life, or very shortly return into absolute obscurity. This woman, who had been so strongly advising him to take a certain course as to his future life, was very rich; and he had fully decided that he would sooner or later ask her to be his wife. He knew well that all her friends regarded their marriage as certain. The Duchess had almost told him so in as many words. Lady Chiltern, who was much more to him than the Duchess, had assured him that if he should have a wife to bring with him to Harrington, the wife would be welcome. Of what other wife could Lady Chiltern have thought? Laurence Fitzgibbon, when congratulated on his own marriage, had returned counter-congratulations. Mr. Low had said that it would of course come to pass. Even Mrs. Bunce had hinted at it, suggesting that she would lose her lodger and be a wretched woman. All the world had heard of the journey to Prague, and all the world expected the marriage. And he had come to love the woman with excessive affection, day by day, ever since the renewal of their intimacy at Broughton Spinnies. His mind was quite made up; but he was by no means so sure of her mind as the rest of the world might be. He knew of her, what nobody else in all the world knew, except himself. In that former period of his life, on which he now sometimes looked back as though it had been passed in another world, this woman had offered her hand and fortune to him. She had done so in the enthusiasm of her love, knowing his ambition and knowing his poverty, and believing that her wealth was necessary to the success of his career in life. He had refused the offer, and they had parted without a word. Now they had come together again, and she was certainly among the dearest of his friends. Had she not taken that wondrous journey to Prague in his behalf, and been the first among those who had striven—and had striven at last successfully—to save his neck from the halter? Dear to her! He knew well as he sat with his eyes closed in the railway carriage that he must be dear to her! But might it not well be that she had resolved that friendship should take the place of love? And was it not compatible with her nature—with all human nature—that in spite of her regard for him she should choose to be revenged for the evil which had befallen her, when she offered her hand in vain? She must know by this time that he intended to throw himself at her feet; and would hardly have advised him as she had done as to the necessity of following up that success which had hitherto been so essential to him, had she intended to give him all that she had once offered him before. It might well be that Lady Chiltern, and even the Duchess, should be mistaken. Marie Goesler was not a woman, he thought, to reveal the deeper purposes of her life to any such friend as the Duchess of Omnium.

Of his own feelings in regard to the offer which was about to be made to him he had hardly succeeded in making her understand any thing. That a change had come upon himself was certain, but he did not at all believe that it had sprung from any weakness caused by his sufferings in regard to the murder. He rather believed that he had become stronger than weaker from all that he had endured. He had learned when he was younger—some years back—to regard the political service of his country as a profession in which a man possessed of certain gifts might earn his bread with more gratification to himself than in any other. The work would be hard, and the emolument only intermittent; but the service would in itself be pleasant; and the rewards of that service—should he be so successful as to obtain reward—would be dearer to him than any thing which could accrue to him from other labors. To sit in the Cabinet for one session would, he then thought, be more to him than to preside over the Court of Queen's Bench as long as did Lord Mansfield. But during the last few months a change had crept across his dream—which he recognized but could hardly analyze. He had seen a man whom he despised promoted, and the place to which the man had been exalted had at once become contemptible in his eyes. And there had been quarrels and jangling, and the speaking of evil words, between men who should have been quiet and dignified. No doubt Madame Goesler was right in attributing the revulsion in his hopes to Mr. Bonteen and Mr. Bonteen's enmity; but Phineas Finn himself did not know that it was so.

He arrived in town in the evening, and his appointment with Mr. Gresham was for the following morning. He breakfasted at his club, and there he received the following letter from Lady Laura Kennedy:

"SAULSBY, *August* 28, 18—.

"MY DEAR PHINEAS,—I have just received a letter from Barrington in which he tells me that Mr. Gresham is going to offer you your old place at the Colonies. He says that now Fawn has been so upset by this affair of Lady Eustace's husband, he is obliged to resign and go abroad." (This was the first intimation that Phineas had heard of the nature of the office to be offered to him.) "But Barrington goes on to say that he thinks you won't accept Mr. Gresham's offer, and he asks me to write to you. Can this possibly be true? Barrington writes most kindly—with true friendship—and is most anxious for you to join. But he thinks that you are angry with Mr. Gresham because he passed you over before, and that you will not forgive him for having yielded to Mr. Bonteen. I can hardly believe this possible. Surely you will not allow the shade of that unfortunate man to blight your prospects? And after all, of what matter to you is the friendship or enmity of Mr. Gresham? You have to assert yourself, to make your own way, to use your own opportunities, and to fight your battle without reference to the feelings of individuals. Men act together in office constantly, and with constancy, who are known to hate each other. Where there are so many to get what is going, and so little to be given, of course there will be struggling and trampling. I have no doubt that Lord Cantrip has made a point of this with Mr. Gresham—has, in point of fact, insisted upon it. If so, you are lucky to have such an ally as Lord Cantrip. He and Mr. Gresham are, as you know, sworn friends, and if you get on well with the one, you certainly may with the other also. Pray do not refuse without asking for time to think about it; and if so, pray come here, that you may consult my father.

"I spent two weary weeks at Lough Linter, and then could stand it no longer. I have come here, and here I shall remain for the autumn and winter. If I can sell my interest in the Lough Linter property I shall do so, as I am sure that neither the place nor the occupation is fit for me. Indeed, I know not what place or what occupation will suit me! The dreariness of the life before me is hardly preferable to the disappointments I have already endured. There seems to be nothing left for me but to watch my father to the end. The world would say that such a duty in life is fit for a widowed childless daughter; but to you I can not pretend to say that my bereavements or misfortunes reconcile me to such a fate. I can not cease to remember my age, my ambition, and, I will say, my love. I suppose that every thing is over for me, as though I were an old woman, going down into the grave; but at my time of life I find it hard to believe that it must be so. And then the time of waiting may be so long! I suppose I could start a house in London, and get people around me by feeding and flattering them, and by little intrigues, like that woman of whom you are so fond. It is money that is chiefly needed for that work, and of money I have enough now. And people would know at any rate who I am. But I could not flatter them, and I should wish the food to choke them if they did not please me. And you would not come, and if you did—I may as well say it boldly—others would not. An ill-natured sprite has been busy with me, which seems to deny me every thing which is so freely granted to others.

"As for you, the world is at your foot. I dread two things for you—that you should marry unworthily, and that you should injure your prospects in public life by an uncompromising stiffness. On the former subject I can say nothing to you. As to the latter, let me implore you to come down here before you decide upon any thing. Of course you can at once accept Mr. Gresham's offer; and that is what you should do, unless the office proposed to you be unworthy of you. No friend of yours will think that your old place at the Colonies should be rejected. But if your mind is still turned toward refusing, ask Mr. Gresham to give you three or four days for decision, and then come here. He can not refuse you—nor after all that is passed can you refuse me. Yours affectionately,

"L. K."

When he had read this letter he at once acknowledged to himself that he could not refuse her request. He must go to Saulsby, and he must do so at once. He was about to see Mr. Gresham immediately, within half an hour; and as he could not expect at the most above twenty-four hours to be allowed to him for consideration, he must go down to Saulsby on the same evening. As he walked to the Prime Minister's house he called at a telegraph office, and sent down his message. "I will be at Saulsby by the train arriving at 7 P.M. Send to meet me." Then he went on, and in a few minutes found himself in the presence of the great man.

The great man received him with an excellent courtesy. It is the special business of Prime Ministers to be civil in detail, though roughness, and perhaps almost rudeness, in the gross becomes not unfrequently a necessity of their position. To a proposed incoming subordinate a Prime Minister is, of course, very civil, and to a retreating subordinate he is generally more so, unless the retreat be made under unfavorable circumstances. And to give good things is always pleasant, unless there be a suspicion that the good thing will be thought to be not good enough. No such suspicion as that now crossed the mind of Mr. Gresham. He had been pressed very much by various colleagues to admit this young man into the paradise of his government, and had been pressed very much to exclude him; and this had been continued till he had come to dislike the name of the young man. He did believe that the young man had behaved badly to Mr. Robert Kennedy, and he knew that the young man on one occasion had taken to kicking in harness, and running a course of his own. He had decided against the young man—very much, no doubt, at the instance of Mr. Bonteen—and he believed that in doing so he closed the gates of paradise against a peri most anxious to enter it. He now stood with the key in his hand and the gate open, and the seat to be allotted to the re-accepted one was that which he believed the peri would most gratefully fill. He began by making a little speech about Mr. Bonteen. That was almost unavoidable. And he praised in glowing words the attitude which Phineas had maintained during the trial. He had been delighted with the re-election at Tankerville, and thought that the borough had done itself much honor. Then came forth his proposition. Lord Fawn had retired, absolutely broken down by repeated examinations respecting the man in the gray coat, and the office which Phineas had before held with so much advantage to the public, and comfort to his immediate chief, Lord Cantrip, was there for his acceptance. Mr. Gresham went on to express an ardent hope that he might have the benefit of Mr. Finn's services. It was quite manifest from his manner that he did not in the least doubt the nature of the reply which he would receive.

Phineas had come primed with his answer—so ready with it that it did not even seem to be the result of any hesitation at the moment. "I hope, Mr. Gresham, that you will be able to give me a few hours to think of this." Mr. Gresham's face fell, for, in truth, he wanted an immediate answer; and, though he knew from experience that Secretaries of State, and First Lords, and Chancellors, do demand time, and will often drive very hard bargains before they will consent to get into harness, he considered that Under-Secretaries, Junior Lords, and the like, should skip about as they were bidden, and take the crumbs offered them without delay. If every underling wanted a few hours to think about it, how could any government ever be got together? "I am sorry to put you to inconvenience," continued Phineas, seeing that the great man was but ill satisfied, "but I am so placed that I can not avail myself of your flattering kindness without some little time for consideration."

"I had hoped that the office was one which you would like."

"So it is, Mr. Gresham."

"And I was told that you are now free from any scruples—political scruples, I mean—which might make it difficult for you to support the Government."

"Since the Government came to our way of thinking—a year or two ago—about Tenant Right, I mean—I do not know that there is any subject on which I am likely to oppose it. Perhaps I had better tell you the truth, Mr. Gresham."

"Oh, certainly," said the Prime Minister, who knew very well that on such occasions nothing could be worse than the telling of disagreeable truths.

"When you came into office, after beating Mr. Daubeny on the Church question, no man in Parliament was more desirous of place than I was, and I am sure that none of the disappointed ones felt their disappointment so keenly. It was aggravated by various circumstances—by calumnies in newspapers, and by personal bickerings. I need not go into that wretched story of Mr. Bonteen, and the absurd accusation which grew out of those calumnies. These things have changed me very much. I have a feeling that I have been ill used—not by you, Mr. Gresham, specially, but by the party; and I look upon the whole question of office with altered eyes."

"In filling up the places at his disposal a Prime Minister, Mr. Finn, has a most unenviable task."

"I can well believe it."

"When circumstances, rather than any selection of his own, indicate the future occupant of any office, this abrogation of his patronage is the greatest blessing in the world to him."

"I can believe that also."

"I wish it were so with every office under the Crown. A Minister is rarely thanked, and would as much look for the peace of Heaven in his office as for gratitude."

"I am sorry that I should have made no exception to such thanklessness."

"We shall neither of us get on by complaining; shall we, Mr. Finn? You can let me have an answer, perhaps, by this time to-morrow."

"If an answer by telegraph will be sufficient."

"Quite sufficient. Yes or No. Nothing more will be wanted. You understand your own reasons, no doubt, fully; but if they were stated at length they would perhaps hardly enlighten me. Good-morning." Then, as Phineas was turning his back, the Prime Minister remembered that it behooved him as Prime Minister to repress his temper. "I shall still hope, Mr. Finn, for a favorable answer." Had it not been for that last word Phineas would have turned again, and at once rejected the proposition.

From Mr. Gresham's house he went by appointment to Mr. Monk's, and told him of the interview. Mr. Monk's advice to him had been exactly the same as that given by Madame Goesler and Lady Laura. Phineas, indeed, understood perfectly that no friend could or would give him any other advice. "He has his troubles too," said Mr. Monk, speaking of the Prime Minister.

"A man can hardly expect to hold such an office without trouble."

"Labor of course there must be, though I doubt whether it is so great as that of some other persons; and responsibility. The amount of trouble depends on the spirit and nature of the man. Do you remember old Lord Brock? He was never troubled. He had a triple shield—a thick skin, an equable temper, and perfect self-confidence. Mr. Mildmay was of a softer temper, and would have suffered had he not been protected by the idolatry of a large class of his followers. Mr. Gresham has no such protection. With a finer intellect than either, and a sense of patriotism quite as keen, he has a self-consciousness which makes him sore at every point. He knows the frailty of his temper, and yet can not control it. And he does not understand men as did these others. Every word from an enemy is a wound to him. Every slight from a friend is a dagger in his side. But I can fancy that self-accusations make the cross on which he is really crucified. He is a man to whom I would extend all my mercy, were it in my power to be merciful."

"You will hardly tell me that I should accept office under him by way of obliging him."

"Were I you I should do so—not to oblige him, but because I know him to be an honest man."

"I care but little for honesty," said Phineas, "which is at the disposal of those who are dishonest. What am I to think of a Minister who could allow himself to be led by Mr. Bonteen?"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE LAST VISIT TO SAULSBY.

PHINEAS, as he journeyed down to Saulsby, knew that he had in truth made up his mind. He was going thither nominally that he might listen to the advice of almost his oldest political friend before he resolved on a matter of vital importance to himself; but in truth he was making the visit because he felt that he could not excuse himself from it without unkindness and ingratitude. She had implored him to come, and he was bound to go, and there were tidings to be told which he must tell. It was not only that he might give her his reasons for not becoming an Under-Secretary of State that he went to Saulsby. He felt himself bound to inform her that he intended to ask Marie Goesler to be his wife. He might omit to do so till he had asked the question, and then say nothing of what he had done should his petition be refused; but it seemed to him that there would be cowardice in this. He was bound to treat Lady Laura as his friend in a special degree, as something more than his sister, and he was bound above all things to make her understand in some plainest manner that she could be nothing more to him than such a friend. In his dealings with her he had endeavored always to be honest—gentle as well as honest; but now it was specially his duty to be honest to her. When he was young he had loved her, and had told her so, and she had refused him. As a friend he had been true to her ever since, but that offer could never be repeated. And the other offer—to the woman whom she was now accustomed to abuse—must be made. Should Lady Laura choose to quarrel with him, it must be so; but the quarrel should not be of his seeking.

He was quite sure that he would refuse Mr. Gresham's offer, although by doing so he would himself throw away the very thing which he had devoted his life to acquire. In a foolish, soft moment—as he now confessed to himself—he had endeavored to obtain for his own position the sympathy of the Minister. He had spoken of the calumnies which had hurt him, and of his sufferings when he found himself excluded from place in consequence of the evil stories which had been told of him. Mr. Gresham had, in fact, declined to listen to him; had said that Yes or No was all that he required, and had gone on to explain that he would be unable to understand the reasons proposed to be given even were he to hear them. Phineas had felt himself to be repulsed, and would at once have shown his anger, had not the Prime Minister silenced him for the moment by a civilly worded repetition of the offer made.

But the offer should certainly be declined. As